

THIS WEEK'S SUPPLEMENT==ALEX. SWANSON

CONGRESS
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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

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GETTING DOWN TO IT.

JOHN FLANAGAN, THE FAMOUS IRISH ATHLETE AND HAMMER THROWER, IN STRENUOUS ACTION AT THE RECENT CELTIC PARK GAMES.



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THE SUPPLEMENT WITH THIS ISSUE:
ALEX SWANSON, A Clever Wrestler.

Miscellaneous Sports.

A half interest in Alfalfa, 2:06½, was recently sold by Henry Haws for \$3,750.

Lou Milton, the dam of Lou Dillon, 1:58½, is reported as being in foal to a mule.

Frank Gotch recently defeated Jim Parr in a wrestling match at Chicago, Ill.

Audubon Boy is in good shape this year, as is shown in his mile at 1:59½, at Syracuse.

Judy Patch, by Dan Patch, is showing up well in the West. She won at Dubuque, Iowa, the other day, taking a record of 2:12.

Jockey Roscoe Troxler expects to retire from the saddle this year, and it is announced that he will back a show soon to start on the road.

There is talk of forming a national association of trotting horse breeders. There was an organization of this sort years ago, but it was allowed to die of dry rot.

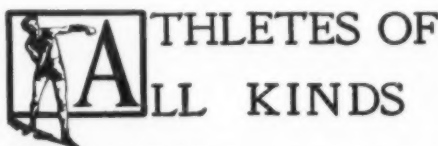
Athasham, 2:12, by Athadon, the best four-year-old trotter that has shown up on the Pacific Coast this year, has been sold to Louis Bachante, of Fresno, Cal., for \$5,275.

George Hackenschmidt, the world's champion wrestler, may soon visit this country, as his representative here is negotiating for him to head a vaudeville company and meet all comers.

Frank Waller, the crack runner from Milwaukee, and winner of the quarter mile A. A. U. National Championship at Travers Island, N. Y., recently, has announced his retirement from the cinder path.

PHOTOGRAPHS

OF
Bicyclists,
Swimmers,
Strong Men,
Runners and



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ARTISTIC COMEDIENNES

—BRIEF PARAGRAPHS ABOUT THE ENTERTAINERS—

CLEVER COMEDIANS

Interesting Items About the People Who Are on the Bills
of the Continuous and Variety Houses.

BRIEF CONTRIBUTIONS SOLICITED FOR THIS COLUMN

Donnelly and West are in Vaudeville to Stay—Edna Aug Soon to Return to
Paris to Appear in a New Play—Pick-ups on the Road.

Hayes and Wiltie are in Cuba, doing finely
with their act "A Tramp's Flirtation."

Nagel and Adams are not with the "A Wise
Member" Company, but are still in vaudeville.

A. M. De Lissar has written a melodramatic
sketch based on the White murder at Madison Square
Garden, which will be produced under the direction of

F. S. Berger reports good business with
his comedy company, in the Northwest.

John and Louisa Till closed a very success-
ful season on W. J. Plimmer's circuit of parks.

Gladys Middleton closed with the Curtis
Musical Comedy Company, at Oklahoma City, remain-
ing there one week in vaudeville at Delmar Gardens.



Photo by Baker Art Gallery: Columbus, Ohio.

IDA MAY CHADWICK.

The Talented and Handsome Girl who is the Holder of the Richard K. Fox Medal for
Wooden Shoe Buck Dancing. She is a Member of the Chadwick Trio.

Lionel Lawrence. Besides Mr. De Lissar, the cast will
include Richard Allen and Ethel Hunt.

Lamont and Paulette have been doing a
fine business since they took the Grand Theatre, Find-
lay, O.

Yackley and Bunnell are still with the
Maude Hillman Company, as a special vaudeville
feature.

Rowenna will close Oct. 13 with Jolliffe's
Bright Light Company, and is booked solid in vaude-
ville for the winter.

Frank Williams and Ida Pullman do not
go with "The Other Fellow" Company, but will remain
in vaudeville this season.

The Silbor Four appeared at Nipmuc Park,
Milford, Mass., recently. The children were announced
as the cleverest ever seen at the park.

Quigg, Mackey and Nickerson are booked
solid for two years in vaudeville, on the Keith, Or-
pheum, Anderson, Kohl & Castle and Hopkins' cir-
cuits. They were signed with "The Girl From Texas"
Co., but concluded to cancel, owing to these bookings.

SCIENTIFIC CLUB SWINGING

Can be learned by an amateur, if he has the
illustrated book on the art by Tom Burrows,
who holds the world's record. It is minutely
illustrated. Price 10 cents; postage 2c. extra.

Miss Middleton played one week at Wonderland Park,
Wichita, Kan., doing her refined singing specialty.

Blair and McNulty report meeting with
success through the West on the Sullivan & Considine
circuit.

Carleton Macy and Maude Hall, in their
new act, "The Macpie and the Jay," are shortly to be
seen in New York.

Elliott and Neff report big success with
Robie's Knickerbockers, playing principal comedy
parts and doing their specialty.

Bert Turner, comedy juggler, has closed
eighteen weeks of successful work with the Gollmar
Brothers' Shows, and is playing dates.

Goodwin and Goodwin report a very suc-
cessful season in the South, where they have been
playing since they closed their Western dates.

The Millar Brothers, with their new me-
chanical novelty, opened their regular season with a
return date at the Family Theatre, Scranton, Pa.

Leo Wilder, juggler and magician, was on
the opening bill of the Star Theatre, Chisholm, Minn.,
and continued there for three weeks with success.

Donnelly and West announce that they are
in vaudeville to stay, as their act has been well received
and splendidly booked. Mr. Donnelly has been in

comic opera for eighteen years, his last notable engage-
ment being in the character of Dr. Figg, in "King
Dodo."

The Royal Musical Five, who are credited
with a quick success in vaudeville, are scheduled to
play the entire circuit of the Keith-Proctor houses.

The Half-and-Half Sextette, one of the
novelties put on by Louis Robie, with the Knicker-
bocker Burlesquers, is proving to be a big sensation.

Clemons and Cassels are touring with the
Black Patti Company. They will reappear in vaude-
ville this season with all new wardrobe. They are quite
successful.

The Bradfords are this season with John
A. Himmelsheim's Ideal Stock Company, and report
meeting with success in their new act, "A Hot Time in
Coontown."

Viola and Engel have finished their time on
the Mozart circuit, and will open on the Keith circuit
Oct. 20, when they will then appear in their new barrel
jumping act.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Bartell, of the old team
of Bartell and Gallagher, entertained Ada Gallagher,
of "Buster Brown Holiday" Company, while playing
Toronto, Can.

Dorsch and Russell, "The Musical Rail-
roaders," are entitled to much praise for the unique
idea, also for the design and printing of their route list
for this season.

Jimmy Rose is with Haverly's Minstrels,
doing a principal end. Neaver and Rose are also doing
their knockabout act in the Ohio. Harry Neaver is
stage manager.

Minnie Randall, formerly of the Day Sis-
ters, reports meeting with such success at the River-
side Theatre, Middletown, O., that she was re-engaged
for three weeks longer.

The Reid Sisters closed with A. H. Woods'
"Ruled Off the Turf" Co., and joined Ned Nye's vaude-
ville act. They opened at Keith & Proctor's Fifty-
eighth Street Theatre, New York.

Al Burke, after a vacation of two weeks
at his home in Worcester, has returned to work. He
is not with Latreska, but will do his roller skate dan-
cing act, and has good time booked.

Pucella and Urben, who recently closed a
very successful season on the J. J. Flynn park circuit,
were engaged as a special vaudeville feature with the
James Kennedy Stock Company, at Lynn.

The Olympia Quartette will be in vaude-
ville this year, in the original line of work. Last year
the members were with "Little Johnny Jones," having
been with Mr. Cohan for four years previous.

Will and May Reno report the best of suc-
cess with their comedy acrobatic sketch, "The Yap
from Olneyville." They have been playing the leading
parks and shore resorts of New England all Summer.

Carrie M. Scott, exponent of physical cul-
ture, closed fourteen weeks in parks on Sept. 8, and
opened her regular season in the vaudeville houses at
the Howard, Boston, Sept. 10, with other good work to
follow.

Babe Clayton, of the team, Gerald and
Clayton, who is at the Cineograph Theatre, in Los
Angeles, Cal., writes that she has bought a beautiful
bungalow home at Willowbrook, a suburb nine miles
from Los Angeles.

Walter Stanton, Jr., formerly of the team
of Stanton and Corri, has joined hands with Bob Sand-
berg, doing a singing and talking act, and meeting with
very good success. They are booked up to December,
when they return East.

Walter Sherwood and Earl Flynn report
doing nicely with the Al G. Field Minstrels. Mr. Sher-
wood is singing ballads, and Earl Flynn is singing and
dancing. They have a novelty for next Summer in
the way of a new act.

The Gaultiers (Bernard and Ida), song illus-
trators, are at the Orpheum Theatre, Dawson City,
Y. T. They return to the States this month, but are re-
engaged to return to Dawson City for an indefinite
period, commencing in March, 1907.

Edgar Geyer, comedy juggler, reports mak-
ing a pronounced success in his original creation of
Uncle Silas. After the opening show in the Auditor-
ium, Omaha, with the Pure Food Show, he was en-
gaged for the entire circuit of fourteen weeks, all "big
city time."

Claire La Maire and Pearl Turner will ap-
pear shortly in a singing act, entitled "A Bit of Black
and White." Miss La Maire will impersonate a swell
wench, while Miss Turner will introduce dancing. Miss
La Maire recently returned from London, where she
purchased the act.

Edna Aug returned to New York from
Europe recently to spend a short vacation. She will
return to Paris the latter part of this month to begin
rehearsals at the Folies Bergeres, where she is to ap-
pear in a new musical piece in November, in which
she will be featured.

Joe Levitt and Agnes Falls, comedy jug-
glers, close a twelve weeks' engagement with the Cran-
dall Vaudeville Co., playing the Adirondack Mountain
resorts. After closing with that company they played
six weeks in parks, and are now finishing a five weeks'
engagement at the Northern fairs.

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A RACING EXPERT

WHO REALLY KNOWS,

TALKS OF THE GAME

What Frank Bryan, Presiding Judge of the Crescent City Jockey Club, has to say.

THERE IS VERY LITTLE CROOKED RACING THESE DAYS

One of the Commonest Causes of Form Reversal is the Way the Horse Feels the Day of the Race—Jockeys in a Bad Light.

Frank Bryan, the presiding Judge at the Crescent City Jockey Club track, New Orleans, who naturally knows a lot about horses, unloaded on the subject of clean racing the other day.

Racing, as regards the true running of the horses, is in a fine state of health in this country at the present time, he said. There is little or no crookedness. In-and-out running is becoming rarer every year. The reorganization of Eastern racing under the control of the Jockey Club was the beginning of the end of plotters.

The underhand things that were done, the crooked jobs that were put through before that reorganization are well remembered by older turfmen. They were of such ordinary occurrence that they created scarcely a breeze of comment at the time they happened. If at the present time there occurred on a New York race track any one of a hundred different kinds of crooked jobs that went through on the New York tracks twelve or fifteen years ago the whole turf world would be by the ears.

The running of "dead" horses, the snatching of "live" ones by strong armed jockeys, the laying up of horses for a price, the running of horses for mere work and all that sort of thing are no longer tolerated on American race tracks, and the horsemen and all

heard it, easily a thousand times during the past five years. Yet I have only seen perhaps half a dozen really bad looking rides on the horses in all that time, and in every instance of that kind the bad looking ride has been easily detected by the racing officials and the offenders punished. A few of the bad looking rides came under my observation at the New Orleans track, and I promptly ruled the offenders off the turf.

The critics do not make due allowance for a hundred and one things that can happen in the progress of a race to make the efforts of a jockey look bad. The jockey with the best horse under him can, despite all of his energy and skill, get pocketed time after time, can be thrown on the rail by other riders, can be forced to swing wide, can be hemmed in and bumped about at critical points; he can lose his stirrups; the head-stall or saddle may slip.

Any one of these things may easily happen, and, without knowing the actual circumstance, the offhand critic sets up the cry of "bad looking ride." Once at Washington, in the first stake race between Santa Catalina and Klamasha, Santa Catalina's saddle slipped, and little Miller, the jockey, lost his stirrups at the crucial point of the race; otherwise he would surely have won with the clever lop eared mare under him. This fact should have been patent to everybody, yet there were hundreds of critics at the Benning track who could not be convinced that little Miller did not put up a "bad looking ride" on Santa Catalina.

You will generally find that the severest critics of the turf are men who expect all of the favorites to come home alone. The longer a man watches racing closely, the more he is inclined to wonder how it is that so many favorites win. Considering the multitude of chances there are against any horse winning a race, no matter how good a horse may be, no matter how far he outclasses his field, I think the record of winning favorites on all the tracks is simply marvellous.

But there are tens of thousands of racegoers the country over who imagine that because a horse is quoted at 1 to 2 or some such figure in the bookmakers' prices, the horse simply must win, otherwise the race cannot be on the level. The price, in their opinion, makes the race. They make no allowance for the arbitrariness of the system whereby the bookmakers arrive at their favorite-making prices. They do not take into calculation the relative merit of the other horses. They do not allow for the big play, and consequent tightening of the odds on any horse that the bookmakers see fit to make the favorite. They do not take into account the accidents that are liable to happen in any race. All that they take note of is the odds-on price against the favorite. They expect the favorite to run to that chalk, and if he does not, then they cry "crooked."

But the one big thing, the biggest thing of all, that the loudest voiced critics do not take into consideration—that indeed, very few racing people take into consideration—is the state of feeling and strength and the mood of the picked horse himself when he faces the barrier for a race.

Now, this is a matter that has been very little dwelt upon, and few so-called racing handicappers take it into consideration at all. But it is, in my opinion, one of the supreme points of the whole business. The racing handicapper, for example—not the official racing handicapper, but the man who makes his own "handicaps," so-called, for betting purposes—assumes that because such and such a horse, picking up a certain amount of weight, ran a mile last week in 1:40, he ought to run the mile again to-day in the same time.

But not one-sixteenth of one per cent. is allowed in this figuring for the way the horse himself feels about it. There is something ridiculous about this when you come to think of it. A race horse, as anybody who has ever had to do with them well knows, is just as much subject to moods as human beings, or nearly so. The horse that did the mile in 1:40 last week easily may not feel like running at all to-day. His oats may not have agreed with him. He may feel heavy, soggy, dumpish, out of sorts, sulky, down in the mouth. He may have indigestion. The very idea of racing at all to-day may be utterly distasteful to him. The horse has no way of saying so, but that is how he feels.

The world may seem completely upside down to that horse, but he is saddled, all the same, and away he parades to the post, willy nilly, with a whole lot of people in the stand expecting him to go right out and do that 1:40 mile of last week right over again. The horse doesn't do it. It isn't in him. He doesn't feel like it. Anyhow, he's beaten by a horse that does the mile in 1:41 or 1:42. Then comes the big cry: "Tremendous form reversal!"

Out of the hundreds of so-called form reversals that I've seen since I became connected with racing, perhaps about one-fifth of them really could be justly classed as such.

A GOOD CARD PLAYER

Will own a copy of Fox's Revised Hoyle's Games, the only book of the kind worth considering. Price 25 cents; postage 5c. extra. It contains all card rules.

sided under that heading and traced to crookedness on the part of the handlers of the horses. The other instances were those of horses that suffered unavoidable accidents in their races or that even with the best of luck, simply did not feel like putting out the best that was in them.

There wasn't anything the matter, that anybody could see, with the incomparable Hanover on the day that, with his price at 1 to 15, he was beaten by so inconsequential a horse as Lagard, except that Hanover just didn't happen to feel like Hanover that day. During the past quarter of a century I have seen some of the greatest thoroughbreds of their epoch soundly beaten by inferior runners when to the human eye there seemed to be no reason whatever for such an outcome. But if those beaten thoroughbreds could have talked, and made their explanation, I'll wager their excuses would have seemed sufficiently reasonable.

Some horses there are, it is true, that will run to their work and their former races every time, no matter how badly or how dumpish and unfit they may feel. They're the bulldog kind of horses, they will run until they drop dead. But such horses are extremely rare, and the man who owns one of them has got a prize indeed.

Occasionally, too, a comparatively inferior race horse of the selling plater variety will, in just one race, over-race himself, and thus forever set up expectations that it is not in him to fulfill. I once saw a poor plater do a fair and square mile in 1:39. He had never done the mile before in better than 1:41, and he never afterward did it in better time than 1:41½. But by doing it in 1:39 he had set himself a mark which he had no chance in the world of ever achieving again, and for the rest of his turf life he was considered a topsy-turvy horse.

As to jockeys, there are hardly any out and out crooked jockeys riding in this country any more. I suppose I know the work of every boy now riding in the United States, and I have seen most of them ride time and again in races, at all angles, and under all sorts of conditions. Yet I would not be able to put my finger on one jockey in the whole United States at the present time and say, of my own knowledge, or even of my hearsay belief, that he was crooked. Yet it is easy to remember when the very best and highest priced jockeys in the country were constantly under suspicion, and in many cases rightly so. But the crooked jockeys have been relentlessly turned adrift.

The chance the would-be crooked jockey has to take has now become too great. Moreover, the reward for squareness is now far greater than any inducement toward evil-doing on the part of the jockey could possibly ever be. It isn't good sense for a boy able to command from \$10,000 to \$20,000 a year, or even more, from one stable, with a big figure attached to second and third call on him, and the privilege of taking outside mounts, to have dealings with the schemers of the turf.

A HOT SPORT

From Sportsville will be the subject of Ike Swift's next series of stories, which will soon be ready—announcement will be made later. They will be better than the other ones. His book, "Sketches of Gotham," is on the press now, and it's going to create a sensation when it appears. Already advance orders are being booked and if you want one of the early copies send your dollar now. The pictures alone are worth the money.

Halftone Photographs.

Private George R. Smith is one of the most popular men of Company C, Ninth United States Infantry, stationed at Camp Wilhelm, P. I.

S. C. Morgan is the tonsorial artist on the battleship Missouri. He not only knows his business, but he is an unquestioned authority on pugilistic matters, and the boys of the North Atlantic fleet are willing to take his word for it.

A recent letter to this office says some of the boys of Troop I, Thirtieth United States Cavalry, found some mule hide in their canned grub, and the subsequent demonstration was photographed for the GAZETTE. The result will be found on another page.

John P. Colby, of Newburyport, Mass., shows in this issue three of his pit bulls—Major, a 37-pounder, who usually delivers the goods; Rose, who is said to be the 35-pound champion bitch of America; Thistle, a 24-pound bitch, the nearest descendant of Galvin's Turk, winner of the longest fight on record. Mr. Colby has some good stock all worth looking at.

On another page of this issue you will see a portrait of E. H. Macoy, Tribune Building, Chicago, Ill., and some of his famous pit games. The most notable is a jungle hen from Natal, India, the first ever imported into this country. The bird Midnight is a half jungle and half McInty, and makes a grand strain. Macoy is one of the most successful breeders in this country, and his birds are usually brought home winners.

ALEX SWANSON.

[WITH SUPPLEMENT.]

Alex Swanson started his wrestling career in 1896, and is to-day considered the best wrestler at the welterweight limit in this country.

He has defeated Leo Pardello, Prof. Atlas and many other heavyweights in handicap matches, and in straight matches has won from Eberhart Halm, Max Luthberg, Ed O'Connell, Instructor in Yale College, twice, the first contest took place in Naugatuck, Conn., Swanson won two straight falls in 53 minutes, the second match was held in Waterbury, Conn., April 6, 1906. Swanson agreed to throw O'Connell twice in one hour. He took the first fall in 31 minutes and the second in 9 minutes. Swanson defeated Harvey Parker for the welterweight championship of the world at the New Polo A. C., New York, Dec. 12, 1904. He won from Max Wiley at Toledo, Ohio, May 30, 1906, two falls in 16 minutes.

Swanson also wrestled lightweight champion George Bothner, and after being on the mat 1 hour and 34 minutes Bothner's shoulder was dislocated and he was compelled to surrender. Swanson being unable to weigh at the lightweight limit, the championship was not involved. Swanson is now located at Terre Haute, Ind., and since there has defeated Ed Steinmetz and Charles Turner, both having many admirers in the West. His next important match will be with Al Ackerman for the welterweight championship of the world, at Terre Haute, Ind., some time in November.

PUGILISTIC ITEMS.

The boxing game has been stopped in Terre Haute, Ind.

Frank Gotch, the wrestler, is taking lessons in the manly art.

Bridgeport, Conn., will be the scene of good boxing this Winter.

The proposed match between Terry McGovern and Young Corbett is off for the present, as



PORTSMOUTH HANDSOME.

A Fine Specimen of English Bull, Owned by Ray Duckworth, of Tiverton, R. I.

the National A. C., of Philadelphia, withdrew their offer of 60 per cent for the bout.

Young Corbett's next opponent will be Amby McGarry, at Bridgeport, Conn.

Joe Gans and Battling Nelson are not likely to box in Baltimore, as has been proposed.

Massachusetts is to have a new boxing club in the town of Roxbury, a suburb of Boston.

Joe Gans and Battling Nelson are both appearing with vaudeville shows in the West.

The pictures taken of the Gans-Nelson battle are being shown throughout the country.

Sailor Burke, the Brooklyn middleweight, will soon be matched to meet Hugo Kelly again.

Jimmy Britt and Terry McGovern will probably meet at San Francisco, Cal., in December.

Kid Herman will take on Neary, of Milwaukee, if he can't make a match with Nelson or Gans.

There are letters at this office for Dick Cullen, the San Francisco boxer, and John L. Sullivan.

Mosey King, the popular boxer of New London, Conn., has been appointed boxing instructor at Yale College.

Boxing has been stopped in Maine owing to the fatal ending of the bout between Terry Martin and Jack McKenzie.

Charley Neary, of Milwaukee, is hot after Battling Nelson. He says: "I whipped him once and I can do it again."

Kid Abel, the Chicago boxer, has quit the ring, and is now the proprietor of a road house at Delaware, N. J.

Boxing has been resumed at Baltimore, Md., and the Eureka A. C. as usual will pull off bouts between top-notchers.

The police prevented the proposed twenty-round battle between Joe Walcott and Billy Rhodes at Leavenworth, Kansas.

Willie Mack, the New York lightweight and formerly sparring partner of Young Corbett, is now a New York policeman.

Rudolph Unholz, the South African champion, writes that he will agree to stop Indian Joe Gregg in fifteen rounds, if the latter will make 138 pounds.

Of the actively engaged boxers now in the ring, Joe Walcott for length of time takes the palm. He has been exchanging wallops for fifteen years.

Gus Ruhlin has announced his retirement, and says he will devote his time to the real estate business. Gus is the owner of several lots in Brooklyn.

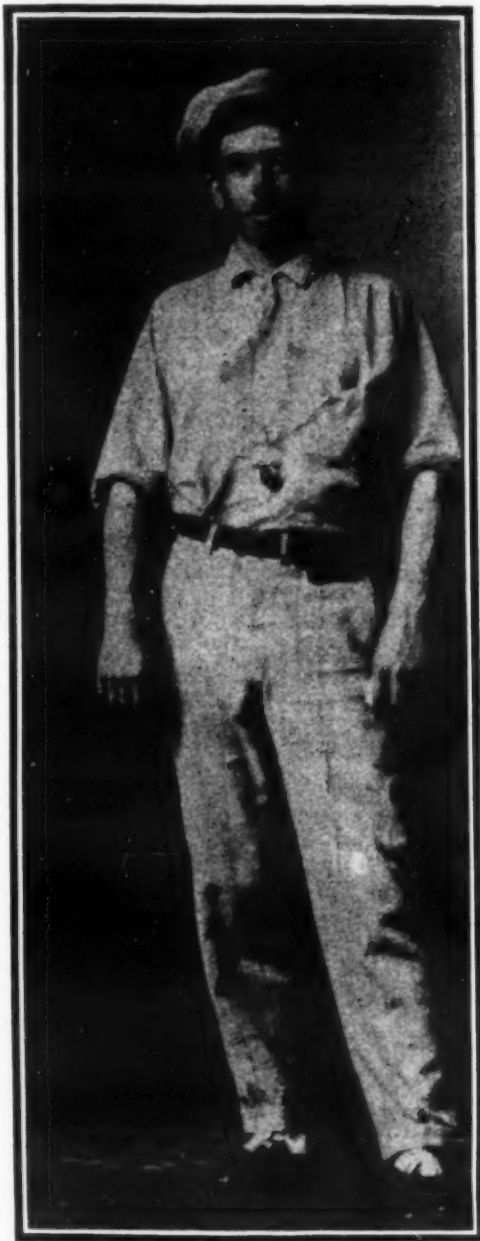
Charley Neary, the Milwaukee lightweight, has gone to California, where he is assured of a match at Colma, and one with Cyclone Thompson at Los Angeles.

Willie Fitzgerald, the fighting Harp, is becoming more popular every day, and it is surprising how many Eastern fans rate him next to Gans in the lightweight class.

The authorities in Chicago would not let Battling Nelson box in the theatre in that city, so he had to give wrestling exhibitions. Billy Nolan claims it was a case of spite.

THE BEST BOXING BOOK

Written by James J. Corbett, is No. 9 of Fox's Athletic Library. There is no doubt but that it is the best on the market. Price 10 cents; postage 3 cents extra.



BILLY SPEED.

He is a Well-Known Middleweight Boxer and Sporting Man of St. Paul, Minn.

hands in any way connected with the game know it. The owners and trainers have become jealous for the sport's reputation.

As long as racing continues, however, there will be criticism of things that, viewed superficially, "look bad." But I have been levelling the glasses at fields of contending horses long enough to know that a great many things "look bad" in racing about which there is nothing whatever bad.

A very frequent criticism is that such and such a jockey "put up a bad looking ride" on such and such a horse. I suppose I have seen this criticism, and

CLUB SWINGING---Six 2-cent Stamps---It will Make You an Expert---The Best Light Exercise Known



GERTIE BENNETT, WHO ORNAMENTS THE FRONT ROW,



Photo by Beta: Baltimore.

ESHER SISTERS, A VERSATILE TEAM ON THE VAUDEVILLE STAGE.



Photo by Beta: Baltimore.

THE GREAT MUSICAL CUTTYS, WHO HAVE ONE OF THE BEST AND HIGHEST SALARIED ACTS IN VAUDEVILLE.

TURN ON THE SPOT LIGHT.

A MUSICAL ACT THAT IS A CORKER, A CLEVER SISTER TEAM, AND A FRONT ROW FAVORITE.



WALTER MOCADLO.

HE IS ONE OF THE CLEVEREST BOXERS
OF THE 23D REGT., MT. GRENA, PA.



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THE REAL BOY IN THE BARBER LINE
ON THE BATTLESHIP MISSOURI.



"TEDDY."

BULL TERRIER OWNED BY W. J. WARNER,
OF CANARSIE, LONG ISLAND.



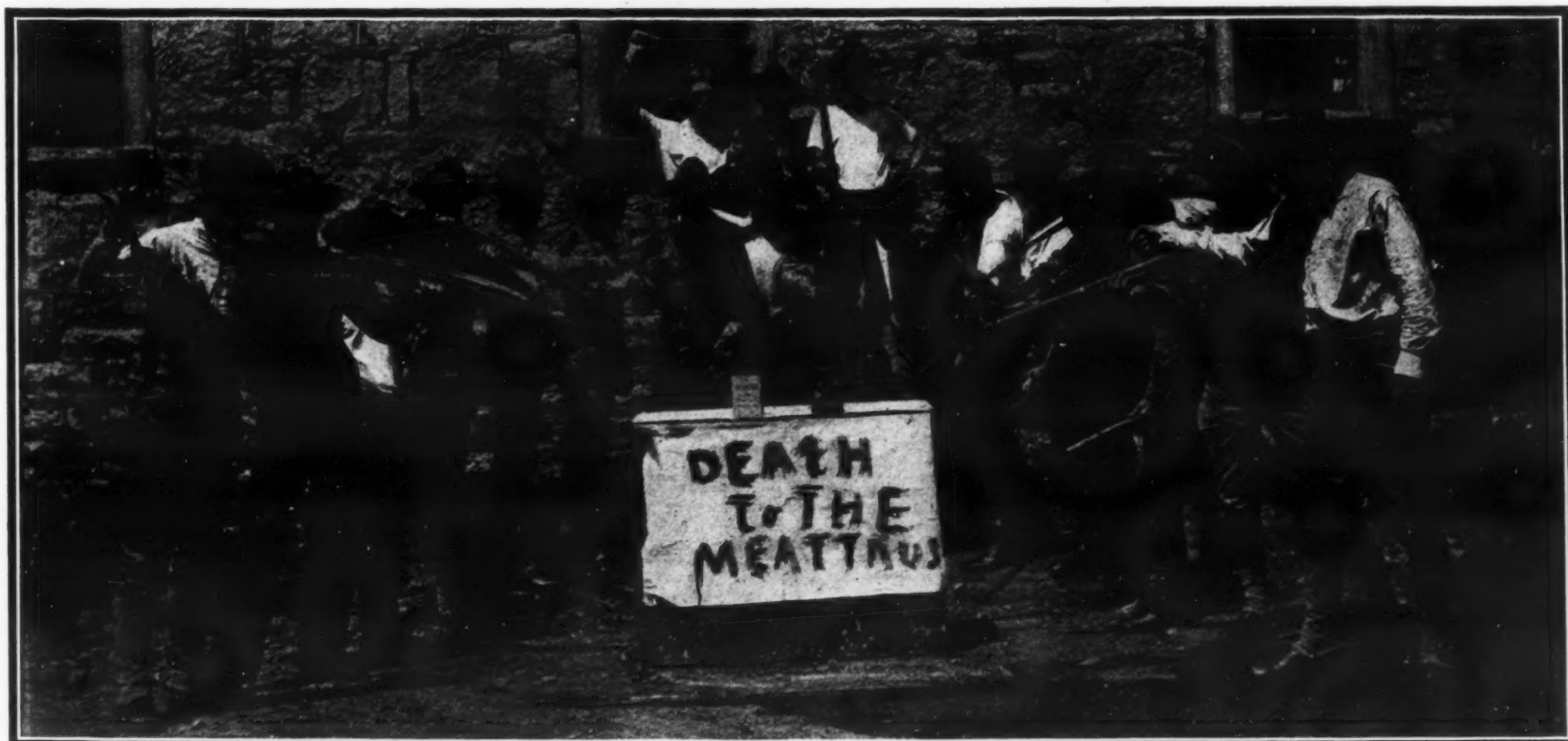
"DEWEY."

SCHAEFER AND GEHLIE, OF CINCINNATI,
AND THEIR GREAT PIT BULL.



"DICK."

HE IS OWNED BY JOE CONNELLY, OF
467 COMMUNIPAW AVE., JERSEY CITY.



HOW THEY FEEL ABOUT IT.

SOME OF THE BOYS OF TROOP I, THIRTEENTH CAVALRY, FORT SILL, OKLA., AS THEY APPEARED AFTER THEY FOUND
SOME CHOICE SPECIMENS OF MULE HIDE IN THEIR CANNED GRUB.

COAL OIL JOHNNY

—QUICK COME, QUICK GO—

FAMOUS SPENDTHRIFT

How a Penniless Boy of the Oil Fields of Pennsylvania
Fell all at Once Into a Fabulous Fortune.

MILLIONS WENT INSIDE OF SEVEN MONTHS.

He was a Mark for Every Gambler and Sure-thing Man in the Country While He
Had the Money, But They Shook Him When He Went Broke.

In a little house on the Moffit farm, at Fee, a few miles from Franklin, Pa., Coal Oil Johnny, the once king of spenders, fought it out with death and lost in the early part of the year.

For years the outside world has given no thought to Coal Oil Johnny. He had passed out of sight for the time, but the wires sent a flash throughout the world, "Coal Oil Johnny is dying," and since that time many inquiries have come regarding the once famous oil region character.

Inside of twelve months, beginning at the close of 1863, John Steele did, perhaps, more to advertise the wealth of the Pennsylvania oil region than any other ten men. He advertised his wealth by spending it. A beardless boy he woke one morning to find himself the possessor of untold wealth in bulk, and an income from oil royalties of \$1,750 per day, Sundays included. He did not know the value of money, had not to the day of his death any idea of how much money he had and spent, but it has been estimated at from \$1,500,000 to \$4,000,000.

Be the amount the first or last named, the fact remains that in seven months' time from his coming into possession of this immense wealth he went through it and was broke. Inside of a year from the time he became a Croesus he was back at the little railroad station at Rouseville, Venango County, hustling trunks at \$40 per month. He hustled ever since to keep up with the grocer's bill.

Never was there a man who made it rain money in such showers as did Coal Oil Johnny during his brief transit across the horizon. It is claimed now by those who saw him spend that the newly rich Pittsburgh millionaire would look like a piker in his spendings when lined up alongside the Rouseville (Penn.) wagon driver, who was in a night elevated to the millionaire class. Steele simply could not spend his money fast enough until he evolved the idea of hiring some good people to help him spend it, and then—well, the rest was easy.

Johnny Steele was born near Waterloo, Venango County, Pennsylvania, in the fall of 1841. He was left an orphan when but a few years of age, and when between seven and eight years of age was adopted by Culbertson McClintock, a well-to-do farmer, living on the outskirts of what is now Oil City. McClintock owned his own farm, since world-famed in oil history as "The McClintock Farm." From it millions of dollars worth of oil was taken years later.

It was not for Culbertson McClintock, however, to reap the benefits of the oil. He died some three years before oil was discovered on his farm, and when his will was read it was found that he had left the farm to his wife during her life, and it was then to go to Johnny Steele, his adopted child. There was also an adopted daughter, named Emily Scott, but she does not appear to have been left anything by McClintock, but years later, when Steele was rolling in wealth, he gave to the young woman enough to make her independent for life.

Mrs. McClintock was a shrewd business woman, and when oil was discovered on her farm she drove the closest bargain possible with the producers. The pool under the McClintock farm bade fair to be inexhaustible, and she had little trouble in getting a most fabulous sum in cash, reserving a big royalty on all oil brought from her farm. This was about three years after the death of McClintock.

But Johnny Steele was not allowed to loaf because his mother had money. He was sent out to work driving wagons for the oil men. He did not even have a team of his own, but he hired out as a driver, and each Saturday night his earnings were brought home and given to Mrs. McClintock, who dumped it into the common bin at the old farmhouse. She rapidly accumulated bank stocks and valuable properties in surrounding towns and cities as well as New York and Philadelphia, but never changed the close, penurious style of living which had been that of herself and husband when they were trying to pay for the rocky little farm on the little run, afterward becoming world-famed as Oil Creek. She never hired a servant, and never moved from the little farmhouse which soon became hemmed in by oil wells. Always insisting on doing her own housework, she came to her death in a most tragic way while performing house duties. Early in 1863 Mrs. McClintock rose one morning before day-break, as usual, to prepare breakfast for Johnny Steele before he went to his work as teamster. She tried to light the fire with a can of coal oil, with the oft-repeated result. There was an explosion and she was burned to death.

In an old crude safe in the corner of one room in the little house there was found \$65,000 in gold. This was but the savings of a week or so of Mrs. McClintock, as was proved by subsequent discovery. The exact amount of cash on hand at the time of the death of Mrs. McClintock was never definitely known, but it is supposed to have been \$1,000,000, and there were extremely valuable oil properties besides the McClintock farm, which was at this time belching forth royalties at the rate of \$1,750 per day for the McClintock heir, Johnny Steele.

Johnny quit driving at once. He never went back to

work after the tragic death of his foster parent.

And yet he could not enter into the full enjoyment of this money, for he was not of age, and the proper authorities simply took the immense estate in hand for the few short months which cruelly divided the young wagon driver from his millions. During this short time Steele showed some good business judgment. There were hundreds who would have loaned him anything on his prospects, but to his credit be it said that he did not go heavily into debt. He was

who had for months been waiting for this windfall got Steele in tow and stopped his indiscriminate giving—they wanted it themselves.

The history of that day will long be remembered in Oil City. It was not very dark when young Steele borrowed a few thousands to continue the day's spending. To Steele, with his new millions, borrowing was the easiest of things.

One of those who early attached himself to young Steele in the hour of his wealth was Seth Slocum, a gambler, and it is to the work of this man that friends of Steele attribute his downfall. It was not long until Coal Oil Johnny, as he was now known, was the biggest plunger of them all at the gaming table. He seldom won, and when he did he would almost invariably toss his winnings to the dealer or some bystander, saying:

"Buy yourself a new hat and have a drink on Johnny Steele." But the ordinary roulette wheel or the faro deal was too slow for Coal Oil Johnny. He wanted action, and he wanted it in bunches. He seldom if ever played poker. "There's too much time lost dealing and drawing the cards," he used to say when pressed to sit into a game of draw with no limit. "It's too slow, it's an old ladies' game."

One of the favorite stunts of Coal Oil Johnny was to walk into a gambling room with a few choice friends and ask the proprietor to sell him the place. He usually bought at a fearful figure, and then would take his place at the dealer's desk, and loan his friends money to play against himself. He did not know anything about dealing faro, could scarcely tell whether a card won or lost for the house, and so this was the easiest of picking for the sharks who had associated themselves with the little king of finance.

The news soon spread throughout the world of this modern lad of finance, and that he was easy. From the North, South and East and from the gold camps of California came gamblers with the old brace games for fleeing Johnny Steele. For him it is now said especially crooked faro boxes and roulette wheels were made, for he did not long remain in ignorance of the games

bit of a flyer in oil. But on this occasion he came in from the street and stood unnoticed by many of the oil kings who were scrambling for a shade on the market. One minute in obscurity for Coal Oil Johnny was enough. The next minute he had clogged the wheels of the Oil Exchange. He stepped out where he could be seen, selected a cigar from his vest pocket, and, pulling a roll of bills from another pocket, skinned off a hundred-dollar note, and, folding it as a lighter, struck a match, lit the \$100 bill and touched it to his cigar. After getting a good light from the century note he watched it burn up and then spat out the cigar.

"Pshaw! That's a bad one," he said as he tried another cigar and also lit it with a new \$100 bill.

This simply paralyzed the members of the big Oil Exchange. They had been used to making or losing fortunes in a day, but such wanton waste of money had never before come under their notice. There was a lull in the proceedings and the gang gathered round Coal Oil Johnny, who was then happy. He had attracted attention.

"Got to do it, gentlemen. Got to do it. Can't spend my money fast enough, so I have to burn it up," he said as he strutted up to the main desk in the big room.

"Say, how much will you take for the whole place, I'll buy. I want to own the Oil Exchange for one afternoon," shouted Coal Oil Johnny, who seemed really in earnest and thought he could buy the place. "Where's the proprietor. Tell him Johnny Steele is here and wants to buy the place. I'll give it back to him to-morrow—make him a present of it."

Of course, such a proposition as buying the Bradford Oil Exchange was impossible, but it was about the only thing that John Steele ever liked in those days that he did not buy. Oil men in Western Pennsylvania yet shiver when they think what might have happened had such a thing as that proposed by Steele that day been possible. Had Steele in his mad career of spending but got control of the oil market for even one day he would have made trouble. His mania for spending at that time had reached such proportions that he would have stopped at nothing to gain additional notice, and with the few millions he then had he might have cornered the market. This offer to buy out the Bradford Oil Exchange was as near as Coal Oil Johnny ever came to dabbling in the fluid which had made his fortune.

But it was not long until the money of Coal Oil Johnny like all good things came to an end. Like a flash it had come to him and almost like a flash the end came. It was but a little over seven months from the time he came into his vast fortune that he returned to Rouseville a few miles up Oil Creek above Oil City and asked for a job of some sort. He was given the position of roustabout at the little railroad station there, but he soon fled into the West to escape sightseers and newspaper men, who came from far and near to see and talk with the man who had spent millions in such a short time. He lived for a long time on a farm in Iowa, then moved to Kansas, where he was until a short time ago. While spending the holidays with a friend in sight of the old McClintock farm he was stricken with pneumonia.

JUST A LINE

To let you know that there are a lot of Ike Swift's stories coming in a short time. You know the kind. Same old snap and same old ginger in them. The date of the first one will be announced shortly. His new book, "Sketches of Gotham," is on the press and will soon be ready. The price is a Dollar and it's worth it. Orders are being received now.

WILL BOX OR WRESTLE HACK.

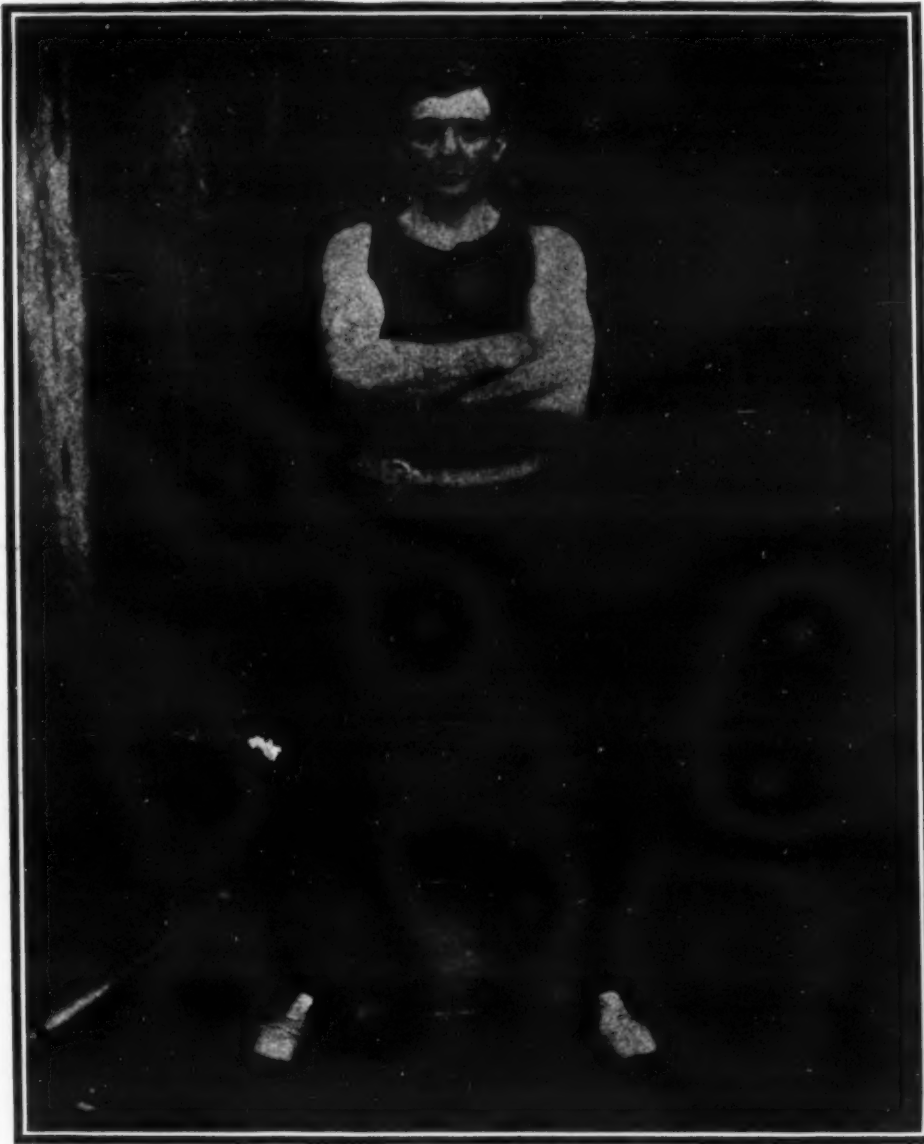
HUMBOLDT, IOWA.

SPORTING EDITOR POLICE GAZETTE: Noticing in recent issues of the American papers a challenge from Manager Cochran on behalf of George Hackenschmidt, the wrestler, to Jim Jeffries for a fight, I would thank you to let me say that I am glad to see that Hackenschmidt, who scampered home in the face of my challenge in 1905, contemplates a return to America, but am also wondering if he is this time to advance pugilistic ambitions as an excuse to avoid an encounter with me on the mat. He had some argument in his favor about a year and a half ago when he waived me aside after defeating Jenkins, for Tom held the American wrestling championship at the time. But the situation has changed. I have the title back now. Hackenschmidt took full advantage of his position last time by taking on minor wrestlers after refusing big purses for a bout with me, and perhaps I may be pardoned for believing that the Russian Lion has not yet been thoroughly tried out at catch-as-catch-can wrestling, although he has annexed the world's championship title at that style—after defeating two men. Now, Hackenschmidt may beat me in a minute; he may need an hour, and he may not beat me at all. But one thing I can promise is that if he ever locks arms with me on the mat it will be in no hippodrome, and he and the public can bet their last dollar that they will see some genuine catch-as-catch-can wrestling, whether the bout lasts five seconds or five hours. I've got the sand to take the risk of humiliation. Has he? Meantime, I have some pugilistic ambitions of my own, as you may be aware, and what boxing I have done has not been all "in secret," as is said for Hackenschmidt. Mr. Cochran says if Nevada promoters will offer a \$40,000 purse Hack will consider a fight with Jeffries. Now I think just well enough of myself to say that if Hack will dig up an English promoter to offer a purse of a fourth of that sum I'll cross the ocean and punch the prize fight out of him so quickly that Jeffries will be saved some annoyance. And if that doesn't satisfy the Lion I'll undertake to show him some catch-as-catch-can wrestling he's never seen before if he dares to look a square challenge in the eye. One friend of Hackenschmidt once paid me a handsome compliment by accusing me of taking myself seriously in challenging Hackenschmidt. If all the wrestlers took themselves as seriously as I do myself, perhaps the sport might be on a better footing before the public than it is.

FRANK A. GOTCH,
America's Champion Wrestler.

AVOID CONSUMPTION.

It's very simple, if you will follow Prof. Ittmann's exercises in No. 2 of Fox's Athletic Library. Illustrated. Price 10 cents; postage 2 cents extra. Police Gazette, New York.



ATLAS MILO THESEUS.

Danish Dumbbell and Barbell Expert who Challenges Anyone of His Weight, 133 Pounds, to Meet Him. His Address is 52 Park Place, Detroit, Mich.

content to wait until the money came to him through the proper channels, and in the meantime the proper authorities through him sold an atom of his big interests just at the time it had reached the crest. He disposed of the two Lone Star wells to John Mawhinney for \$65,000 cash. This went into the common pool which was swelling at an enormous rate against the day that Johnny Steele should become of age and come into his own.

At last the time came and an avalanche of money rolled down on the former poor driver, who had in his childhood days never had so much as a quarter to spend. The way in which he made the money fly caused even the oil region then engaged in its mad chase for wealth to sit up and take notice. There never was a spender like him before, and but few have imitated since. His first draw on what was considered an inexhaustible supply of wealth was \$100,000.

"Gimme it in hundred-dollar bills," he said to the cashier of the Oil City Bank, to where he had walked from his home up Oil Creek at Rouseville. "I want to show some of the boys a good time."

And "the boys" were shown that good time. Johnny Steele started down the street with his 1,000 \$100 bills, and to everyone he met he presented one of the bills. Those who hesitated and wanted to know why got two of the bills. He had not gone far until some of those

NOTICE TO CARD PLAYERS.

If you want the real thing get Fox's Revised Hoyle's Games. It is the best published. Price 25 cents; postage 5 cents extra. Mailed direct to your address on receipt of price.

and the time came when he had to be shown he lost on such and such a turn of the card. He was always shown. His losses at the gaming table in the first half of his moneyed career were something fabulous. Then he seemed to tire all at once of the game, and sought new fields for enjoyment.

One night at Bradford Steele rode down the main street at full speed on a beautiful horse, for which he had paid \$3,000, and rode right into the swinging doors of a saloon, where a hundred oil men were doing their best to emulate him in getting rid of their money. He did not know a soul, but that didn't matter.

"I'm Johnny Steele," close the doors and everybody make a night of it with me. Give Bess a bottle of champagne to begin with."

Bess was the beautiful little mare he rode, and much interest was shown in the horse whom her owner said drank champagne. Bess, however, was the only sober one of the outfit some hours later, for Johnny Steele surely made good when he started out to "make a night of it," and this was one of them.

"Nobody who hears my voice can spend a cent. I'm Johnny Steele," used to be the favorite cry of the little fellow as he entered a resort, and there were always those within sound who at once began to figure just how expensive they could make the hour with Steele. There is yet to be found the man who will say he ever saw Coal Oil Johnny take a cent of change from the bar, or anywhere else for that matter.

What was considered the height of his extravagance came one day when he entered the Oil Exchange at Bradford "to look round." He never dabbled in oil himself. "I want to see my money go," he always said when asked to invest in some seemingly luscious

KNIGHTS OF PADDED MITTS

—FROM THE PACIFIC COAST TO THE ATLANTIC SEABOARD—

ARE BUSY EVERYWHERE

A Boom in the Boxing Game Which Pleases the Knuckle Dusters Who Need the Money.

PHILADELPHIA STILL THE SCENE OF SOME FAST BOUTS

Dave Deshler Too Good for Young Erne—Terry Martin's Unfortunate Blow. Sailor Burke Quickly Stops Another English Fighter.

Tommy Lowe and Kid Stinger put up six rounds of fast boxing at the weekly show of the Broadway A. C., at Philadelphia, Pa., on Sept. 27.

Lowe took the lead in the first round and kept it in every round till the end, although in the third Stinger staggered Tommy with a couple of wild swings to the head. Stinger's bull-like rushes puzzled the Washington boy at first, but after he got a line on the Kid's style he had no trouble in beating him. He used a left-hand jab to the face and a right-hand uppercut to the body to good advantage. In the third and fifth rounds Stinger wrestled Lowe to the floor and in the fifth Referee Bailey cautioned him against his foul tactics. Stinger started to rush matters in the last round, but Lowe jabbed him to a standstill.

In the semi-final-up Young Kilpatrick defeated Tommy Feltz in a good contest. Young Loughery beat Tommy Herrman in a fast bout. Terry Fitzgerald, of Brooklyn, beat Eddie Rocap. Teddy Malone and Tommy O'Keefe opened the show with a good draw.

DESHLER'S DECISION.

Dave Deshler, of Cambridge, Mass., got the verdict over Young Erne, of Philadelphia, in the main bout at Lincoln Athletic Club, Chelsea, Mass., on Sept. 26. The mill lasted fifteen rounds, the limit, and it was the Cambridge boy's victory from the start, with the exception of two rounds.

Erne, with his reputed cleverness, did not come up to expectations, and Deshler experienced little trouble in getting a big lead in points, which Erne was unable to overcome. Erne played a careful game and did his best to sneak over the sleep punch to the jaw, but Deshler was on his guard steadily and avoided the knockout by dexterous work. Time and again Erne reached the jaw, but the blows landed too far back and caused little damage.

In the second and tenth rounds Erne showed to good advantage and had his opponent somewhat dazed. Deshler, however, recovered quickly, and regained his strength. The winner was the aggressor at all stages of the battle, and his lightning jabs caused Erne to forsake his old tactics and resort to a strong defensive exhibition.

MARTIN'S FATAL PUNCH.

Jack McKenzie, the Philadelphia welterweight boxer, died in the ring in a bout with Terry Martin, whose portrait appeared in last week's issue of the POLICE GAZETTE. The fatal bout took place at Portland, Me., on Sept. 24. McKenzie went on with Martin as a sub-

stituted for Herman Miller, of Baltimore, Md., who failed to appear.

The fatal blow was given in the latter part of the fifth round of what was to have been a bout of fifteen rounds. Jack Sheehan of Boston was the referee.

The bout had been good as an exhibition, but there had not been a really effective blow struck, and not a trace of blood could be seen on either man. The last blow closed the round. McKenzie was on his feet and apparently did not feel it.

The gong sent the men to their corners, and Steve Mahoney turned his attention to his man, McKenzie, who walked lightly to his chair and sat down.

Suddenly McKenzie pitched forward and lay on the floor. Referee Sheehan lifted his hand as a signal that the bout was over, and said to those about the ring, "It is a knockout."

There was a call for a doctor, and in a few moments

and landed punch after punch on the jaw and ribs, Sinclair only protecting himself. As the round drew to the end Burke ran Sinclair over to the ropes with a series of punches to the face. He ended the fight with a right to the jaw and a left to the chest, which dropped Sinclair.

Although the round was not over the bell sounded, Sinclair was pulled to his corner and took so long coming back that he could not start the next round.

What promised to be the best bout of the night failed of its purpose because the two principals, Young Otto

THE SAILOR WON.

Sailor Burke, the husky Brooklyn, N. Y., middle-weight, stopped Charley Sinclair, a recent arrival from England, in the second round, at the Long Acre A. C., New York, on Sept. 27.

The surprise came in the first round. The two fighters edged cautiously about the ring for a while, when Burke suddenly started to mix it. A few punches were landed and they drew away. Then Sinclair started his attack. He rushed Burke around and finally landed a right on the solar plexus that doubled the Sailor up. The round ended soon after, with Burke on the defensive.

The two fighters came together with a rush for the second. Burke never stopped his aggressive tactics,

and Jack Nelson were both afraid of being put to sleep. It was a frosty draw at three rounds. Willie Mango and Frank Howe drew in an interesting three-round session, and Lew Rose got the better of Jimmy Moran in a bout of the same length.

Two six-round bouts were scheduled. Willie Jones knocked out Willie Cullen in the first round of the first, and Bobbie Moore got the better of George Kitson in the second.

ALL SHORT BOUTS.

Three unsatisfactory bouts were pulled off at the Standard A. C., Providence, R. I., on Sept. 25, which sent the sports home with a poor run for their money.

The preliminary bout lasted a half round. Kid Parlow and Jack Conley furnished a minute's sport when a wild swing caught Conley on the jaw and put him away.

Johnny Mahan, of Cambridge, gave Billy Connerty, of Boston, a good run for one round in the semi-final, but went to the mat in the second round from a light blow to the face and stayed down for the count.

Al Delmont, of Medford, outweighed Owie Litz, of New York, a dozen pounds in the final and put it all over him, the New York boy going down in the middle of the third round, Referee Stanton Abbott giving the bout to Delmont.

In the last two bouts both losers were accused of quitting.

KAISER WON.

Charles Kaiser, the popular Auburn (N. Y.) wrestler, and one of the best mat artists in the welterweight division, scored a victory in his home town over Stanley Karpf on Sept. 24, in one of the fastest wrestling bouts seen there. For one hour, two minutes and twenty seconds the men struggled desperately, neither getting the advantage, when by a hammer-lock hold Karpf threw Kaiser.

The second round started last; Karpf showed weakness, and with a full Nelson hold in seven minutes and twenty-seven seconds Kaiser had him thrown.

The third round was won by Kaiser in thirteen minutes and twenty seconds of hard work with a half Nelson hold.

Kaiser was loudly cheered and speeches were called for. Karpf said Kaiser had taken him when out of condition by being fat, and he wanted another match.

MORE STORIES

By Ike Swift are on the way, and you'll get them in a week or so. Of course they'll be worth reading. His book, "Sketches of New York," full of the right kind of pictures, will be on sale in a short time, and it will be the best dollar's worth on the market. If you don't think so, then spend your quarter for a yellow backed novel.

BOXING CHAMPIONSHIP OF INDIA.

The glove contest between "Bill" Fisher and Gunner Vickers of the Royal Garrison Artillery for £500 a side and the championship of Calcutta took place on Friday night, July 27th, 1906, at the Theatre Royal. For weeks before the fight the prospects of the match were keenly discussed by all sporting men in Calcutta and as anticipated the Theatre Royal was packed to its utmost capacity and the receipts must have been a record for boxing contests in India. Of the two competitors, Gunner Vickers had the greater reputation, both in the army and out of it. He has met, among others, Ted Lee, Tom Rooney, Geo. Roach, Kid Davis, W. Gardner, D. Thomas, Kid Johnson, Sanders, Short, and Bobby Dobbs, the clever colored champion. Fisher, on the other hand, was until recently an amateur, having come into prominence about four years ago, when in a side event he knocked out Sperrick, a soldier of the British army, in two rounds. His next opponent was also a soldier, Swan, of the Royal Irish Rifles, who beat him on points in a four-round bout. Shortly after this he met and defeated Govia for the championship of Calcutta in seven rounds.

For once the sporting element of Calcutta had no cause to feel disappointed at the entertainment provided for them by the management, prominent among whom was that all-round sportsman, Mr. J. W. Matthews, of the Phoenix Football Club. So far from the show, like many of its predecessors, proving the proverbial fiasco, the display both in the minor encounters as well as the *piece de resistance*, turned out the most genuine affair that has been seen for a long time.

The proceedings opened punctually at 9.30, Mr. Frank Smallman, the trainer, acting as Time-keeper, Mr. W. O. Rees as Referee, and Mr. J. Vernon as Master of Ceremonies.

The first on the programme was a four-round bout between Dixie Kid, of England, and Harry Johnston, of Australia. The former was too good for his opponent who threw up the sponge in the second round. Then came a five-round contest between two gunners, Hook and Evans. The latter forced the pace from the start, and after having the best of nearly all the rounds was declared the winner on points. The last of the preliminaries was a four-round bout between two middleweights, Phil Pickering, a well-known boxer and Gunner Walker, of the R. G. A. The former who fights in fine style led from start to finish, and was declared the winner on points. This closed the first part of the entertainment.

The preliminaries of the contest did not take long in settling, and shortly after Vickers stepped into the ring, having for his seconds Private O'Gorman and Gunners Walker and Tobin. Fisher followed shortly after, his seconds being Phil Pickering, N. M. Dale and Dan Smith. Both men were greeted with tremendous rounds of applause, showing that neither was lacking in partisans. Contrary to anticipations Vickers stripped a pound heavier than the colored man, and he certainly looked the more massive of the two. The actual weights were Vickers, 10 stone 12½ pounds, and Fisher, 10 stone 11½ pounds. It was thought that Fisher, though looking the better trained of the two, would have his work cut out by his clever opponent, but it was fated to be otherwise, as what was to have been a fifteen-round contest came to an abrupt conclusion in the fourth round by Fisher knocking his opponent out with a right to the jaw.

CHALLENGES

[The challenge editor will be pleased to publish all legitimate challenges in all sports, such as boxing, wrestling, skating, bowling, swimming, bicycling, walking, running, jumping, etc., etc.]

Harry Baker, the 122 pound boxer, of Oakland, Cal., is out with a deft to Abe Attell or Jimmy Walsh.

Louis (Kid) Sealer, of 75 Monument street, Charlestown, Mass., issues a challenge to any 130-pound boxer in the country to meet him for a side bet.

George W. Leatham, of Erie, Pa., wants to box any 130-pounder in the world. He is not particular about the number of rounds or how the purse is divided.

Charles Schaeffer, 2035 Vine St., Cincinnati, O., a joint owner with Mr. Gehle of the 42 pound



BENNY RILEY.

A Clever Young Boxer of Baltimore, Md., who Issues a Challenge at His Weight.

pit bull terrier Dewey, has backing for his dog for any amount up to \$1,000. He is ready to talk business at any time.

W. J. Warner, Rockaway Ave. and Avenue K, Canarsie, L. I., has a 37½-pound bull terrier by the name of Teddy, open to meet any dog of his weight in the country.

Kid Caspar writes that he would like to meet Chuckie Hibbard, of Chicago, at 115 pounds. Kid Farmer can also have a match by addressing Caspar at 173 Artesian avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Charley Kaiser, one of the best mat artists in the East, writes to the Sporting Editor from Auburn, N. Y., that he is at present in good shape, and ready to meet all comers catch-as-catch-can style.

I have read the challenge of Punch Leighe and Leo Ryan in the POLICE GAZETTE, and will meet either from 125 to 130 pounds, and can get backing for \$500.—Billy Farmer, 411 Main street, Orange, N. J.

Hector Prince, of Manchester, N. H., a well-known weight-lifter, writes to the POLICE GAZETTE that he would like to meet Warren Travis in feats of strength. Prince has defeated several good weight-lifters.

Emanuel Brugglio, winner of the recent wrestling tournament, called at this office and issued a challenge to Frank Gotch or John Piening. Brugglio has many admirers in Newark who will bet on his chances.

On behalf of Lew Dockstader, a very popular and good colored lightweight of Philadelphia, whose picture I am mailing you under separate cover, I wish to say that I would like to match Dockstader who I have had care of for the last few years, against any good lightweight in the business for any duration or private fight in any city or any club offering fair inducements. Dockstader has been meeting them all for the last four years, and has never been defeated.—Jack Briggs.

MONEY COMES EASY

When you play poker if you will study the game. Get a copy of Poker: How to Win, that's all. Price 10 cents; postage 2 cents extra. Write Police Gazette office.



A SNAPSHOT FROM GREECE.

This Picture was taken in the Stadium during the Olympic Games at Athens—Notice the Police Gazette held by W. G. Frank, Third Prize Winner in the Marathon Race.

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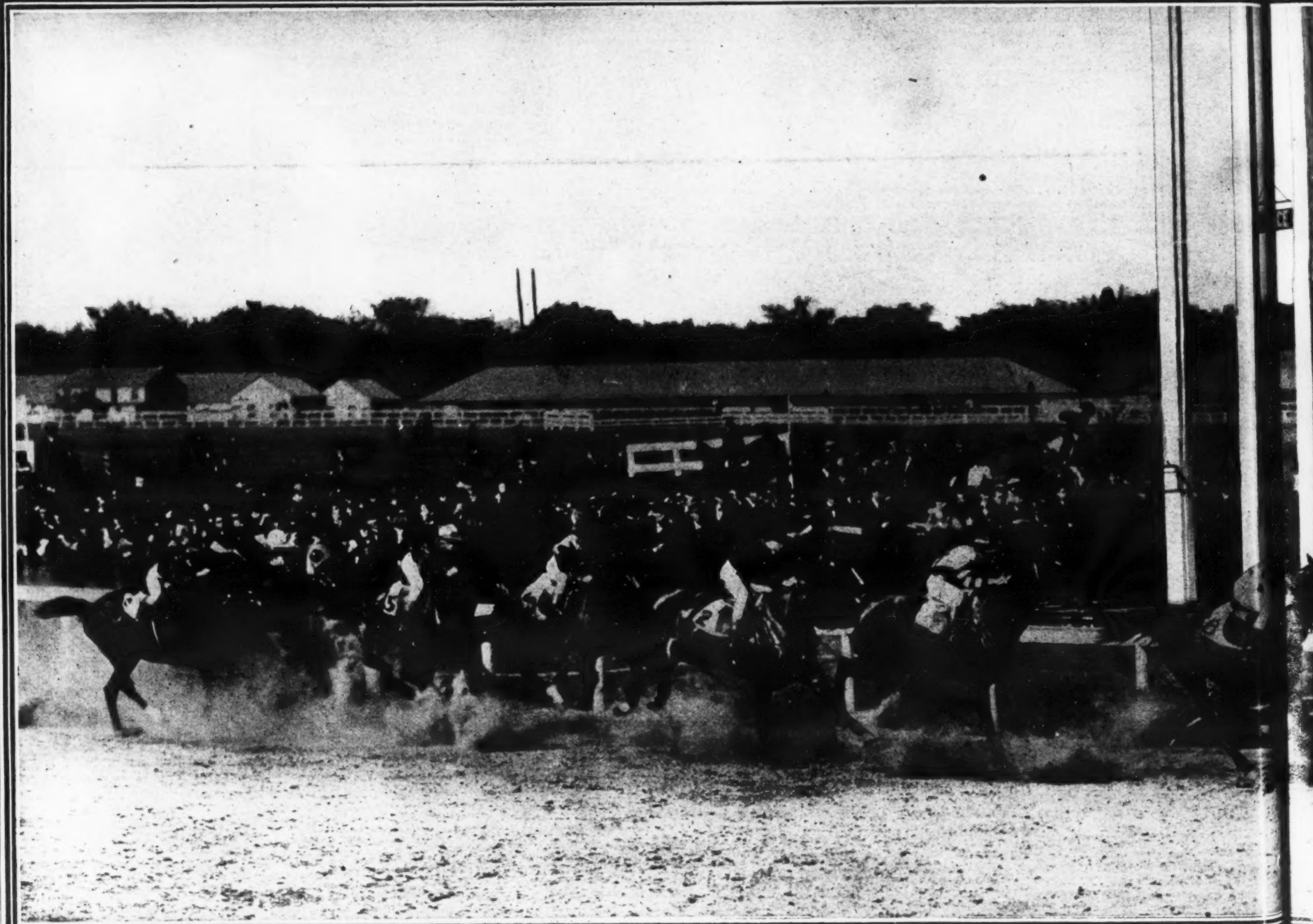
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PICTURES OF FAMOUS BARS

Will be found in the 1906 Hoffman House Bartender's Guide, which contains all the latest recipes with full instructions. Price 25 cents; postage 5 cents extra.

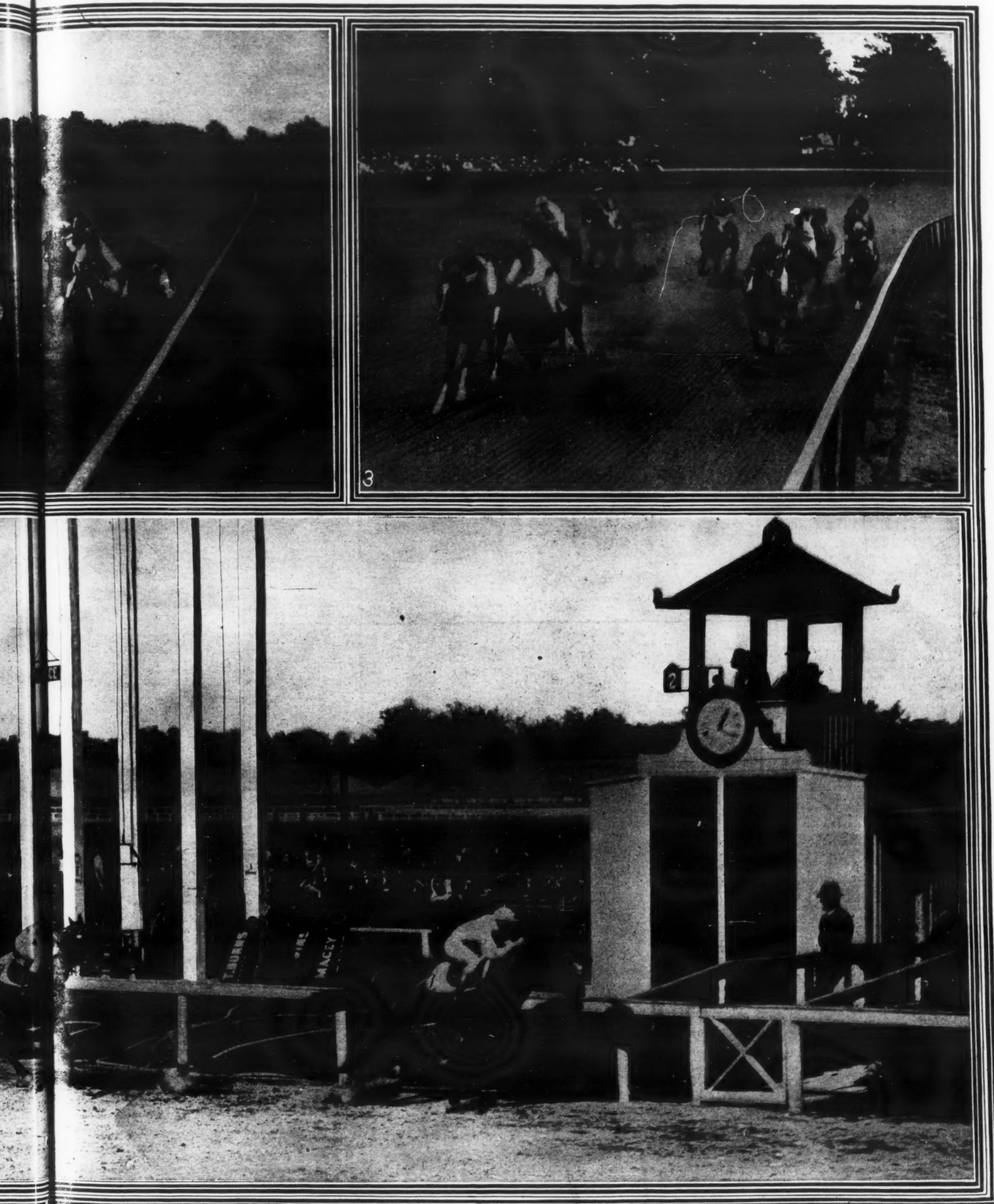
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HERE IS WHAT BURNS

NO. 1—THE LAST RACE OF AN INTERESTING CARD AT POPULAR BRIGHTON BEACH. 2—HERE IS WHERE THE
3—TURNING INTO THE STRETCH ON THE FAMOUS SARATOGA TRACK.

DO YOU KNOW THERE IS ONLY ONE SPORTING PAPER--THE POLICE GAZETTE



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WHERE THE THIRD HORSE, WHO HAS THE ADVANTAGE OF BEING ON THE RAIL, BRINGS HOME HIS FEED COIN.
 JACK. THE GREAT BROOKLYN HANDICAP, WITH DELHI SETTING THE PACE.

ICE GAZETTE--IT IS THE ONE YOU SHOULD HAVE ON FILE ALL THE TIME.

JEFFRIES SAYS HE WILL

—PURSE MUST BE LARGE AND OPPONENT WORTHY OF THE HONOR—

FIGHT ANYONE ELIGIBLE

Philadelphia Jack O'Brien and Sam Berger Haggle Over the Rule About Hitting with One Arm Free.

ANNUAL SLAUGHTER ON THE FOOTBALL GRIDIRON.

Small Talk in the World of Pugilism—Kid Sullivan Wants to Fight Nelson Again—Battler Now a Target for Young Fighters.

"Show me the man and money, and if the former is eligible and the latter sufficiently large to justify it I'll fight again." This was in effect a remark made by Champion Jim Jeffries the other day, when Billy Delaney's persuasive eloquence was used to batter down the big fellow's intended resolve not to fight.

The incentive of the fabulous purses offered by the managers of the Goldfield fighting institution and other clubs has proved to be too much for the astute Delaney.

During a discussion of the lack of good material to make championship battles successful Delaney suggested to the champion that he might again re-enter the arena and add a fortune to his depleted exchequer.

For a time Jeffries was obstinate, and would not consent. The persuasive efforts of Delaney and Graney, combined with the glittering reminder of a \$50,000 purse, finally brought Jeffries to terms.

First it was a hard battle for Delaney, for Jeffries persisted that he had all that he wanted and was as happy as any man could wish to be. However, Delaney explained the lack of good fighters, and pointed out to the big fellow that he was as good a man as ever, and that it seemed a crime to have him retire for good so young in his career.

These pleadings of Delaney finally brought the champion to terms, and the big fellow blurted out: "All right. I'll do whatever you wish."

It may be O'Brien or Sam Berger will be chosen, but neither of these men could make a good showing against the champion. This latter fact leads to the suggestion that the big fellow is coming back into the game with the sole purpose of fighting the black man, Jack Johnson.

Sam Berger and Philadelphia Jack O'Brien may fight again, but I wouldn't care to be the owner of a boxing club depending upon the match for my share of the "Who-so-ever-will-or-the-O-be-joyful." At the time of writing this they are zig-zagging over weight and rules, flirting with managers for the biggest purses and doing all the little things that get upon the nerves of a man trying to do business with them.

The principal snag that has delayed the signing of articles for the match is the question of hitting in the clinches. The temporary articles that were signed by both men in Chicago state that there should be no hitting in the clinches. O'Brien's representative, Jack Cribbins, is willing to sign for O'Brien if this provision stays in the articles. But Berger's brother, Nate, is holding out for the insertion of a clause allowing the men to hit in the clinches with one arm free. Berger and Gleason have not committed themselves on this subject over the wire. Meanwhile, Manager Coffroth waits with the supreme confidence of one who feels that he will win out despite all obstacles.

And Philadelphia Jack is assuming the attitude of the graceful butterfly, flitting from flower to flower. The Quaker lad is now resting in Los Angeles waiting to be scooped up in the net of the most generous club magnate. Jack's tactics seem to convey the impression that he is trying to get all the club managers on the Pacific Coast bidding against one another for his services.

Jack Cribbins, O'Brien's manager, says: "All we ask is to abide by the articles that were signed by Berger and O'Brien in Chicago. They call for Marquis of Queensberry rules, with the additional provision that there should be no hitting in the clinches. If Berger will agree to stand by these rules we will sign with Coffroth at once. Straight rules prohibit hitting and holding at the same time, which is practically all we ask."

The annual football slaughter has begun. The first of the season's fatalities occurred the other day when John Cowell Kennedy, of Troy, N. Y., died as the result of injuries he received in football practice. He was captain of the Lawrenceville "Prep" school team and was thrown in making an end run, striking on his head and bursting a blood vessel. He died an hour later.

Half a dozen players had broken through the interference and all fell on Kennedy as he went down. He lay stunned for a moment, and then got up and took his position to continue the game, thinking himself unhurt. Dr. E. K. Fee, the school physician, saw him stagger and ordered him to leave the game.

The young captain went to the side lines and watched the game for half an hour, complaining of pains in his head. He then went to the locker-room to change his clothes, and he fell unconscious. He was placed on a table, Dr. Fee worked over him, but could not restore him to consciousness.

John Cowell Kennedy was nineteen years old, a giant in stature and a fine athlete. He was elected captain of the "prep" school at the close of the season last autumn and he entered the school this year as a junior.

This is but the beginning, and yet nobody has dared to invoke the aid of the law in stopping the yearly slaughter of the youth and flower of our young American manhood.

Battling Nelson has become a target for aspiring young fighters who see visions of a stellar reputation in flicking this once invincible little giant. Maurice Herford—Al's brother, who, as a typewriter, has no equal in the pugilistic world—came over to

New York the other day looking for Nelson and Nolan. He did not find them, of course, but he did find a few newspaper critics into whose receptive ears he poured the following little boost for the Herford family's new protege, Kid Sullivan, of Washington:

"I notice," said Brother Maurice, "that Battling Nel-

son will meet any of these boys at 130 pounds, and will make it winner take all and also make a side bet. McGovern, Herman and Neary are challenging Britt all the while, and it is a wonder to me that they wouldn't make a match with Sullivan, as he is willing to make any weight they name, fight winner take all and make a side bet. He will also box them anywhere in the country that a club will hang up a purse. Abe Attell and Tommy Murphy have been giving away weight to all their opponents. Sullivan will meet any of them at 130 pounds."

Looks as if there ought to be plenty of doings for Kid Sullivan, and knowing the Herford methods as well as I do, I opine there will be!

Here's a piece of news from London, Eng., that ought to make our heavyweights sit up and take notice.

"On the night of Oct. 29 at the National Sporting Club, of London, England, will see the first important battle for a heavy-weight championship that has come about in a long time. Jack Palmer, of Newcastle, the present holder of the title, and Gunner Jim Moir, who is said to be a great pugilist, are the men who will battle for honors. A purse of \$1,750 has been offered by the club."

The championship of England for a seventeen hundred dollar purse!

Truly, Mr. Bettinson, the manager of the great National Sporting Club of London, will never die of enlargement of the heart!

Fighting with a friend, who had gone on as a substitute to avoid disappointing a big crowd, Terry Martin, of Philadelphia, killed Jack McKenzie, also of Philadelphia, in the feature bout at the Portland Athletic Club show, Portland, Me., the other night. Martin was billed to meet Fred Miller, of Baltimore, but at the last minute the management was notified that Miller

Jeannette assumed a crouch as the bout began and shot his left to Johnson's face. When they clinched Jack worked on Joe's body. They exchanged lefts and rights with little damage.

Johnson put his left to Jeannette's face in the second and rushed, landing left and right to the body. Joe covered up and butted Jack in the face, opening a gash over the left eye. Joe got in several left jabs without a return. Johnson improved a bit in the third, and they mixed it in good style. Johnson jabbed both hands to Jeannette's face as the round ended, partly closing Joe's left eye. Johnson kept meeting Jeannette in the fourth.

Jack broke ground at first in the fifth and missed a left swing for the jaw. Joe tried for the body, and, missing, fell to the floor. Johnson put his left to the stomach. Jeannette began to lead again in the sixth and made Johnson retreat. The crowd began to hoot. They clinched and Jeannette seemed to be weakening as the bell rang. Johnson, however, earned the decision, but without displaying too much of his real fighting quality.

SAM C. AUSTIN.

The Swift will soon begin a new series of stories in the GAZETTE to be entitled "The Memoirs of a Hot Sport." They will be better than the other ones. Don't do anything until you read them. His book "Sketches of Gotham," will also be ready in a few weeks.

JACK JOHNSON MAY TACKLE JEFFRIES.

Big Negro Plans a Championship Campaign to get the Heavyweight Title.

Since Jim Jeffries declared his intention of going back into the ring for just one more fight in defense of his title of heavyweight champion, the question of a logical opponent is of paramount importance. While Philadelphia Jack O'Brien's eligibility might be apparent to himself and his own personal following, the fact remains that as an opponent for the mighty Jeffries he is, in the opinion of the general public, a huge joke. The same may be said of Berger, Rublin, Kauffman, Tommy Burns, and the others who have championship aspirations. The one possibility is the negro, Jack Johnson, and consideration must be given to the color line and Jeff's antipathy to fighting a black man for the championship.

Sam Fitzpatrick who was prominent in the management of Peter Jackson when the doughty black champion was in the ascendant, has undertaken the responsibility of directing the pugilistic destiny of the new black warrior, and has already planned a campaign, the ultimate end of which is a battle with Jeffries. He will in turn fight O'Brien, Burns, Berger and Kauffman, and he will fight them "winner take all." If he fails to whip anyone of these four men decisively, he will drop out of the race for the heavyweight title and allow Jeffries to go on his way in peace.

It will take many months for the retired champion to fit himself for a good battle, and even if it did not he would undoubtedly demand plenty of time so as to be sure of being in the best possible condition. This will give the minor heavyweights plenty of opportunity to get together in the ring and decide which one of them has the most right to meet the erstwhile bolliemaker and present farmer.

Why Jeffries has taken so much trouble to dodge a meeting with Johnson it is hard to conceive, says George Sand. Johnson has a fine record, but it is not a terrifying one by any means. Young Peter Jackson stayed twelve rounds with Johnson, and while Johnson won and gave his opponent a good beating he did not outclass his rival as much as many had been led to expect.

Joe Jeannette, another colored man, has had several fights with Johnson of the short distance variety and always came out alive and well. Marvin Hart, now something of a joke in pugilism, stayed twenty rounds in 1905 with Johnson. Hart did so well that the referee had the nerve to give him the decision over Johnson, although everybody at the ringside agreed that Johnson had won by several miles. Hart was simply lucky to stay. Sandy Ferguson, Sam McVey and Denver Ed Martin all stayed twenty rounds with the colored fighter in 1902, although in each case Johnson was the winner.

Even Jack Munroe, the slow moving miner, managed to go to the end of a six-round route with Johnson last year. The trouble is that most of the leading heavyweights have carefully avoided getting in a bout with the negro. In fact, he has had but little opportunity to rise to the top of the ladder. Like Gans, he has probably been compelled to hide his real punching powers a bit in order to get contests. Johnson is a fighter of the Gans ilk. That is to say, he has everything a successful pugilist should have, including remarkable skill, endurance and the power to inflict punishment.

Had he a cleaner list of knockouts to his credit Jeffries could never have avoided a meeting with him before taking to farming. As most of Johnson's important battles were merely won on points, Jeffries has not been very much criticised for passing the negro up.

There is little doubt that Jeffries would like to knock out this clever negro. In 1902, Jeffries had the idea that he might make his brother Jack his successor in the ring, and matched him with Johnson for a battle at Los Angeles.

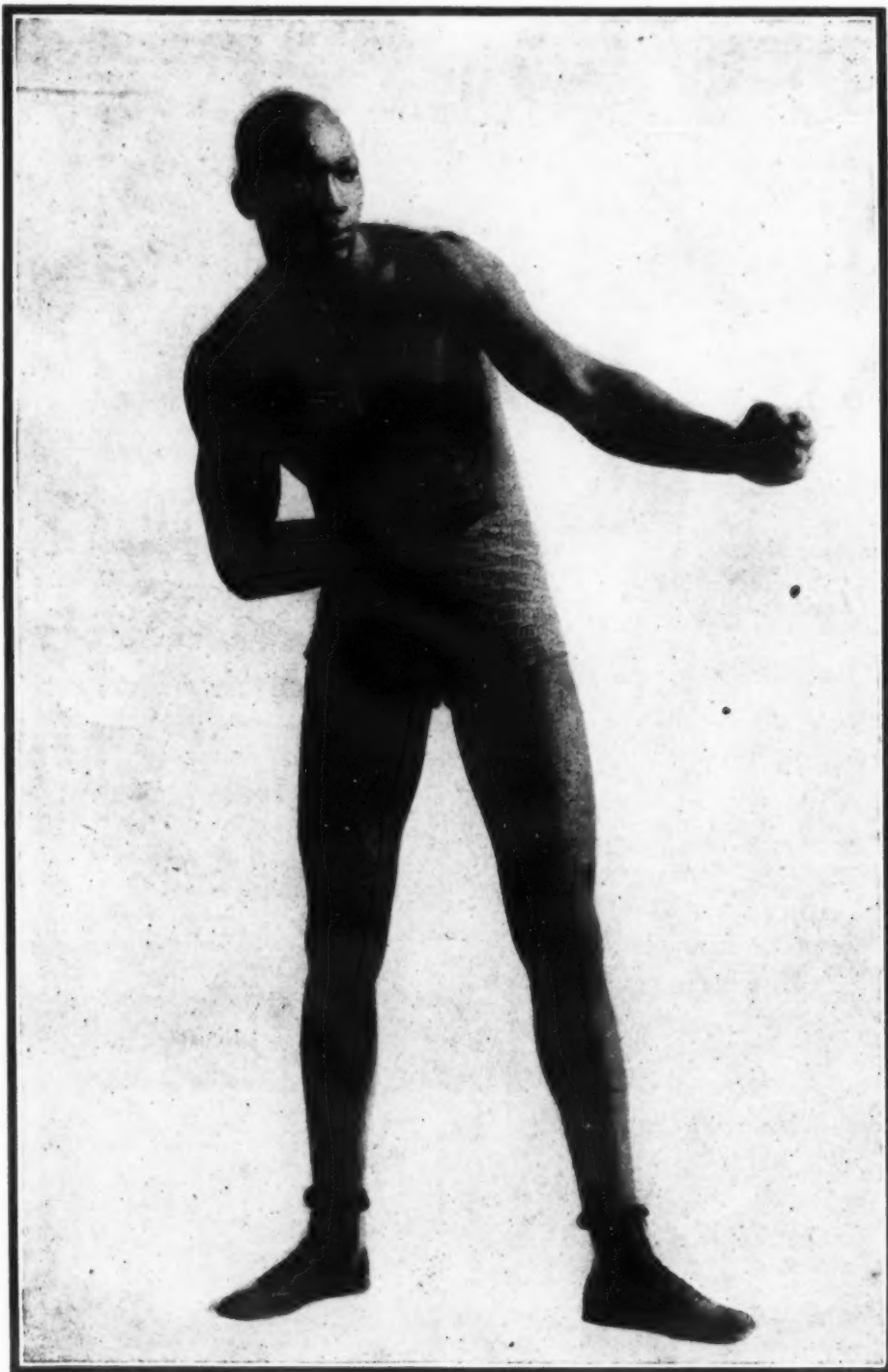
Jack Jeffries was an easy mark for Johnson. He gave him a terrible beating, and knocked him out cleanly in the fifth round. It was thought then that Jeffries would seek revenge, but Johnson's ability has evidently made a deep impression on his mind, for he never said a word about fighting the black, and drew the color line harder than ever.

A meeting between Jeffries and Johnson would certainly be the greatest attraction possible in the ring today, especially if Johnson disposed of the four men he has mentioned as being willing to meet before his battle with the champion. O'Brien would not be a match for Jeffries. He is really too light to face a good heavyweight, and goes out of class when he does so. Burns is out of the question for the same reason. Berger's only claim to distinction is a six-round victory on points over O'Brien. Kauffman was jabbed to pieces by O'Brien in seventeen rounds.

Both Berger and Kauffman have had too little experience to face the man who won the title from Bob Fitzsimmons. It is, therefore, evident to the merest tyro of the fighting game that Johnson is the only man with the right to face Jeffries to-day.

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JACK JOHNSON.

Famous Negro Fighter who has First Claim to a Battle with Champion Jeffries.

son is going around the country saying he wants a return match with Joe Gans, the lightweight champion of the world. Gans proved his superiority over Nelson so decisively that I don't think that Nelson has any idea of ever meeting Gans again, but is only looking for a little newspaper advertisement. Now Nelson don't need to go after Gans if he is so anxious to fight some one, as there is a young fellow in Baltimore by the name of Kid Sullivan who beat Nelson in a six-round bout here last June a year ago. Sullivan did not only beat Nelson in one round but he beat him in all of the six rounds, and besides, Nelson made Sullivan weigh 130 pounds at 6 o'clock, and he came in at catch-weights. I will match Sullivan to box Nelson at 130 pounds at 3 o'clock or 133 at ringside, and will make it winner take all, and also give him a side bet as large as he wants it, and will box him from six to one hundred rounds.

"I also notice where Terry McGovern, Jimmy Britt, Kid Herman, Charley Neary, Abe Attell and a number of other so-called topnotchers are challenging one another, but are doing very little fighting. Sullivan

LEARN TO DEFEND YOURSELF.

No. 9 of Fox's Athletic Library is a good instructor. James J. Corbett is the author. Write to this office for it; 13 cents in stamps brings it promptly to you by mail.

could not appear. Idealizing that failure to bring off the bout would mean a keen disappointment and loss to both the management and his friend Martin, McKenzie agreed to take Miller's place in the ring.

For two rounds the boys put up a spirited exhibition, and the spectators got their money's worth. In the third round the going was still fast, when Martin drove for a spot over his friend's heart. It was a stiff punch, and as it landed the glove glanced and shot to McKenzie's jaw with lightning speed. The boy dropped instantly and failed to rise at the count of ten. It was apparent that he was in bad shape, and he died shortly afterward. It was a terrible ending to the friendship of the boxers, and Martin collapsed when it was announced that McKenzie was dead.

In his bout with Joe Jeannette the other night, in Philadelphia, Jack Johnson, the big negro aspirant for titular honors, gave an exhibition which in racing parlance would be called an "easy ride." He wasn't trying very hard to win by a wide margin, that was plainly evident. He delayed forcing matters, and many of his punches went wild when he attempted to get to Jeannette, who covered up in close quarters. Johnson's best blow was a terrific left to Jeannette's nose in the fifth as Joe rushed in. It knocked Jeannette backward and he swung wildly. Johnson getting back with a hard right jolt to the jaw as they clinched.

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Would Like to Hear From You at Any Time.

E. T. H., St. Louis, Mo.—Low wins.
M. F. Z., Chicago.—Never heard of five aces losing on one throw.

Reader, Amherst, O.—Was John L. Sullivan ever champion of the world?.....No.

F. P., Massillon, O.—How many pounds is the featherweight championship?.....122 pounds.

P. H., New York.—Which is the higher hand in poker—a full house or a flush?.....Full house beats a flush.

C. M., Carthage, Mo.—Can you tell me the address of William Roche?.....Care of San Francisco Bulletin, San Francisco, Cal.

G. P. L., Tempe, Ariz.—What was the round in which the Corbett-Jeffries fight of 1903 in San Francisco ended?.....Tenth round.

Reader, Brooklyn, N. Y.—A bets Peter Jackson and James J. Corbett fought 61 rounds, no contest. B bets they fought longer?.....61 is right.

S. T., Astoria.—Have you the record of Sam Tonkin, the Astoria welterweight?.....He was a good fighter, but his record was never compiled.

R. W., Winona, Minn.—Where could I purchase a bag punching platform like those used by professionals?.....A. G. Dayton, Nassau street, New York City.

H. T. C., Boston, Mass.—1. *Spirit of Times* is a weekly racing paper. 2. Write to Secretary Jockey Club, Windsor Arcade, Fifth avenue, New York City.

B. G. B., Chicago.—1. When A plays the five it is a run of five; the last six does not make a run. 2. When B makes his bid of 14 he is only 16 total, and therefore is not out.

F. W. M., Pierre, S. D.—A bets B that Sells Bros.' circus had trained seals eight years ago or before; B says they never had any?.....No record of it; write to *New York Clipper*.

M. L. M., Carbondale, Pa.—Did Bobby Dobbs ever meet Joe Gans in Greenpoint, N. Y., in 1896?.....Gans knocked out Dobbs in 7 rounds at Baltimore, Md., May 31, 1901. No record of any previous fight.

F. M., Columbus, O.—A, B, C and D are playing a partner game of twenty-one-point cassino; A and B being partners; A builds nine; D takes it; can B build another nine for his partner without having a nine in his own hand?.....No.

T. N., Yukon, Okla.—Did John L. Sullivan and Jake Kilrain fight under London Prize Ring rules or Marquis of Queensbury? Did Andy Bowen and Jack Burke fight under Marquis of Queensbury rules when they fought 110 rounds?.....1. London Prize Ring rules. 2. Yes.

J. A. H., Manitowoc, Wis.—In shaking poker dice; A shakes a full house, three fours and two fives in three shakes; B shakes the same in two shakes and calls it a tie; A refuses to accept it, claiming that B is supposed to shake three times if A wishes to refuse it as a tie?.....B can pass his third shake if satisfied with the result of two throws. It is a tie.

J. C. W., Taylor, Tex.—We don't publish a list.
H. G. M., St. Paul, Minn.—Send your query to *Turf, Field and Farm*, New York City.

F. B., Jersey City.—A loses the money he put in pot, and B and C get theirs back. The money goes in next pot.

J. LaC., Groton, So. Dak.—Where was the fight brought off between Harry Tenney and Frankie Nell?.....Colma, Cal., July 28, 1905.

H. S., Wausau, Wis.—A does not win the pot; T draws his 75 cents out and A gets his \$2, but leaves the 75 cents in and goes in next pot.

B. W. P., Rhinecliff, N. Y.—There are different ways of concocting fancy drinks. You both are probably right from your respective standpoint.

W. H., Dermott, Ark.—How long did the Sullivan-Kilrain fight last in 1889—how many hours?.....75 rounds, London ring rules; 2 hours, 16 minutes.

G. L., Bar Harbor, Me.—A bets that Nelson and Gans entered the ring at 3 P. M. sharp. B bets that it was after 3 P. M. Who wins?.....About 3 o'clock.

J. A., Spokane, Wash.—In a two-handed game of seven-up; both players are eight each; A has high game; B has low jack; which hand wins?.....Low jack wins.

F. P.—Where could a young man take up night school boxing lessons?.....Prof. Jimmy Deforest, Lenox Lyceum, Fifty-ninth street and Madison avenue, New York City.

L. W., Cleveland, O.—Is there a sporting paper published in England known as *Bells' Life* at the present time?.....*Bells' Life* is now merged with *Sporting Life* of London.

T. F., Seattle, Wash.—What is Hock Keyes' record since coming to this country?.....He fought a draw with Young Erne and Amby McGarry, and was knocked out by Dick Cullen and Freddie Welsh.

C. H., Chicago, Ill.—Pinocle; A deals the cards; one card played apiece; B discovers he is one card short; which is proper, call it a misdeal or take one card from the deck and continue playing?.....There is no misdeal in pinocle.

J. A. H., Manitowoc, Wis.—I hold two sevens, an eight and a nine in my hand in the game of cribbage. Another seven turns up for a deck head. I claim that this hand calls for 36 points?.....You cannot count 8 for any run; 7-9 equals 3, and therefore the hand counts 21.

J. D., Auburn, Ill.—A and B bet on a ball game between Chicago and New York; just before the game was to be played a dispute arose over the umpire; there

THE GOOD POKER PLAYER.

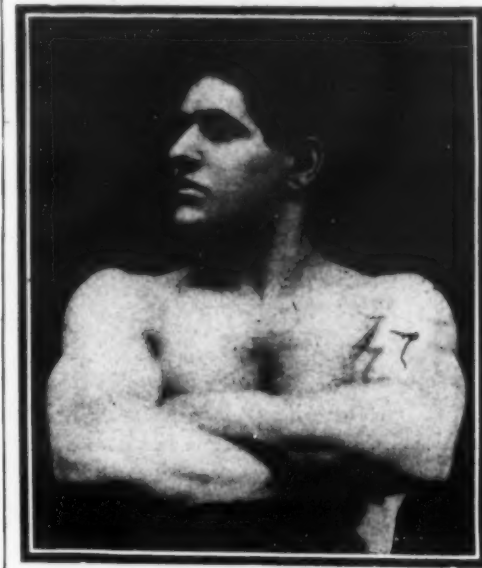
Dopes the game just as horses are doped, so he wins. If you will send for *Poker; How to Win*, you can do the same. Price 10 cents; postage 2 cents extra.

was no game played, but as per rules Chicago was awarded the game 9 to 0; B says that as there was no game played bets should be declared off?.....B is wrong. A winning game was credited on this occasion to Chicago by the umpire, and bets go with umpire's decision.

M. F. F., Alexandria, Va.—Let me know how the exercise known as the "Chest Lift" is done? What is good for constipation? How can I increase my weight?.....1. Consult our "Physical Culture" book. 2. Honyadi Janos water. 3. Intelligent exercise and plenty of cereal food.

T. J. K., Philadelphia.—Partner game of cribbage; A played jack; B played four; C played six; D played five; then no one could play until it went around to C, when he played another six, which he claimed made a second run of three?.....The second six does not make a run.

H. D. B., Oakland, Cal.—In a five-handed poker game; all Jack pots; A opens the pot for \$2.50; B passes; C calls and raises \$2.50; D and E drop out; A calls the



MAX ARMSTRONG.

A 19-Year-Old Strong Boy of New York City who is a Wonderful Weight Lifter.

\$2.50 raise and raises \$5.00 more; C says good, and asked what he opened on; A says "I thought I had a straight," and in fact had nothing; C shows two pairs, sixes and fours; who is entitled to the money?.....C cannot win the pot as he had passed; A loses the money he put in to open, and C gets his back. The money goes in the next pot.

J. H. M., West Toledo, O.—Was Bob Fitzsimmons ever beat by Jim Corbett, or ever lose a fight in any way to him? A bets that Joe Gans would whip Battling Nelson; B bets he would not; who wins? Is Jim Jeffries champion of the world yet?.....1. No. 2. A wins. 3. Retired champion.

J. E. S., Chicago, Ill.—In playing draw poker; A holds a four card flush and B holds a four card straight open at each end; which man stands the better chance of helping his hand?.....Hoyle says to a two handed straight the draw is worth 1 in 5 1/2 draws, to a flush 1 in 6 1/2 draws in 500 deals.

W. D. T., Bluefield, W. Va.—A bets B that the winning team in a game of baseball will double the score of the losing team; the score is 1 to 0; who wins? O bets C that in the above proposition the one that bets on the winning team (A) wins; does O win or lose?.....1. A wins. 2. O wins.

Reader, Cincinnati, O.—Auction pitch; A has ten points; B has ten points; B offers two; A is the dealer runs the cards and pitches the ace of diamonds; B has the deuce; A makes high, jack and the game; B claims the deuce is out first; does A win?.....A wins, because he makes his bid.

D. H., Tonawanda, N. Y.—Are the books called the Lives of Famous Fighters, still in print; what I mean is the lives of Fitzsimmons, Corbett, Sullivan

Jack Dempsey, also the lives of the Big Four and the black champions and the champions of the American prize ring? About how many pounds did Joe Gans have to take off in his fight with Nelson? How much does Abe Attell weigh when out of condition and what is his best fighting weight?.....1. They are out of print. 2. About twelve pounds. 3. About 130 pounds, his best weight is 122.

G. P., Cincinnati, O.—In a game of whist; A and B are partners; A leads Jack of diamonds; C plays a diamond, but D plays a spade, and after four cards are played in other suit D discovers that he has queen of diamonds, but the jack has not been turned; does that constitute a revoke?.....It is not a revoke until the trick is turned.

A Constant Reader, Bloomington, Ill.—G to J: "I bet \$10 that Gans gets the decision." J to G: "I will bet on no decision—it's lick or get licked with me." G to J: "I'll take the bet." It was near the end of the fight when the bet was made?.....According to all good opinions Gans had Nelson licked and licked good—the latter, in our opinion, fouled to avoid being knocked out.

M. L. Y., St. Louis, Mo.—A, B, C and D are playing seven-up; partner game; diamonds are trumps; A leads a heart; B follows suit; C plays a spade. Before D plays he asks C if he has hearts; C replies yes, takes back the spade and plays a trump. By agreement a revoke is only counted after a trick is taken in and turned down. Was C not compelled to play a heart after taking back the spade, he having a heart in his hand?.....No.

IKE SWIFT

Is writing a new series of stories for the *GAZETTE*, entitled the *Memoirs of a Hot Sport*. The date of their appearance will be announced later. In the meantime a lot of people are inquiring about his book "Sketches of New York." It will be ready in about a month, and you can book in advance any time by sending in a dollar.

FARMER BURNS' GREAT NECK.

Martin Burns, better known as Farmer Burns, and though around the half century mark, can still hold his own with the best of the big fellows on the mat, has the reputation of being possessed of the strongest neck in the world.

Burns has not only a powerful neck. He has strong arms, chest—in fact, is well muscled throughout his body. Weighing not more than 170 pounds, this wrestler has stood off the greatest men the game has ever known.

Farmer Burns was the only man in America to withstand the behemoths who visited this country under the somewhat appalling titles of Terrible Turks. In number there were three such, and all successful wrestlers. The first Turk of consequence was Yousouf, the Sultan's Lion. He came to this country ten years ago. He tossed Yankee wrestlers about as though they were chaff. Only one American wrestler could stand him off. That one was Farmer Burns, and he held the son of Saladin off for three hours, when the bout had to be called a draw.

Terrible Turk No. 2 appeared, turbaned, washed and booted and with the blessing of Allah on him, bearing the euphonious name of Hall Adali. This giant weighed 294 pounds, and was a fast wrestler. He simply toyed with Jenkins and that sort, yet it is of record that this 170-pounder, Burns, stood off the terrible Hall Adali for one hour. That was a marvelous performance.

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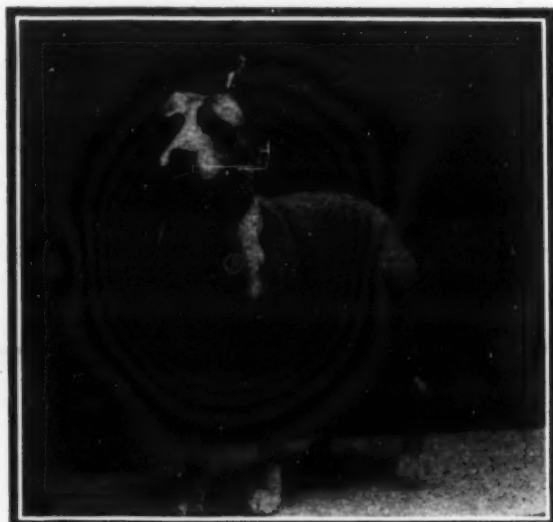
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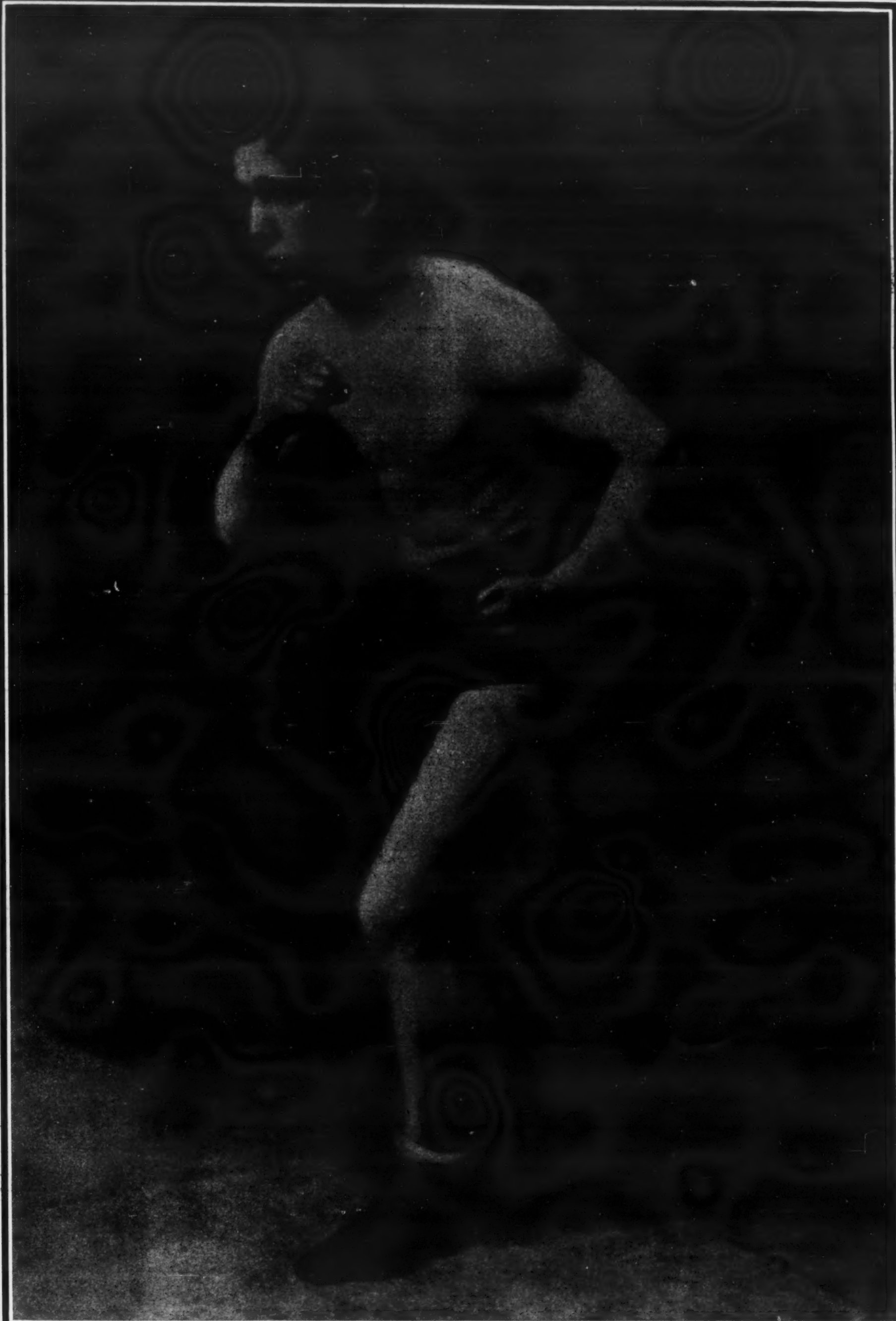
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CALIFORNIA, AND PROVED HIS CLAIM TO MEET THE BEST IN HIS CLASS.

A POPULAR SALOONIST

Wise Bartenders will Get Good Tips
in This Column.



William Martin is a well known Brooklyn, N. Y., saloonist, and the proprietor of the Shamrock Hotel, at 636 Driggs avenue. Mr. Martin has many years' experience as a saloonist, and is popular with the sporting fraternity of New York and Brooklyn. He is a member of many social and political clubs, in which he takes an active interest.

GOLD MEDALS FOR 1907.

The best recipe for a new drink will get the \$75 medal, which is a mighty fine specimen of the jeweller's art, and well worth owning.

We don't need to go into details concerning these medals.

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SECOND PRIZE—\$50.00 Gold Medal.

THIRD PRIZE—\$25.00 Gold Medal.

Now, what have you in the shape of new drinks?

The man who is absolutely satisfied to be quiet will never make a success in life.

It's the hustlers who win out and come to the front.

We want every bartender to try for these medals.

Don't talk about what you can do, but do it.

If you are clever, make your cleverness win you a medal.

If you take pride in your profession and a pride in your ability, you certainly ought to want to be a champion.

SPORTSMAN'S FIZZ.

(By Charlie J. Tinney, National Hotel, Lyons, N. Y.)

One teaspoon sugar; one or two lumps of ice; juice of half a lemon; one jigger Rhine wine; half a jigger Port wine. Fill with seltzer.

OLD GLORY.

(By John Walbrod, Delmar Garden, St. Louis, Mo.)

One-third Creme de Rose, Marie Brizard Rod; one-third Maraschino, Consenier; one-third Creme Yvette, Sheffield. Serve in pousse cafe glass.

HAZELWOOD PUNCH.

(By W. Colvin, Hotel Hazelwood, Mechanicville, N. Y.)

Mixing glass half full of cracked ice; two bar spoons soft white sugar; one good drink Port wine; one good drink of rum; half of a lemon squeezed in; a small portion of water. Shake well, strain in highball glass with one cherry and slice of orange on top.

DANDELION STARTER.

(By C. Snyder, Newark, N. J.)

Use large mixing glass with two lumps of ice; two spoons powdered sugar; one dash of lemon juice; one fresh egg; six dashes Creme de Rose; one jigger Old Tom gin. Shake well, strain and serve with seltzer.

EGG SWIZZLE.

(By Jack Campbell, Georgetown, Demerara, British Guiana.)

Two tablespoons shaved ice; break fresh egg in it, adding a piece of lemon rind and half a teaspoon sugar. Shake briskly, slowly adding a wine glass Jamaica rum with a dash of Angostura. Serve in small tumbler with grate of nutmeg on top after pouring out in tumbler.

VELVET CREAM.

(By H. R. Westphal, Empire Buffet, 327 Franklin street, Michigan City, Ind.)

Take hollow stem glass; fill stem with Creme de Menthe; cork with cherry; use mixing glass with small scoop fine ice; two spoons pulverized sugar; two spoons lemon; one jigger Sloe gin. Shake well, put in bowl of glass and serve.

AN APPLE BLOSSOM.

(Jack Farrow, United States Hotel, Morristown, N. J.)

Use large mixing glass; half of a lemon; one dessertspoon sugar; one egg; one-eighth jigger

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Accidental Discharge Impossible

Every owner of an Iver Johnson has a double feeling of safety—safety as to protection of life and property, and absolute safety as to accidental discharge; for there is but one way to discharge the

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William Hoffman, 295 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Highest Award, Chicago World's Fair,
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yellow Chartreuse; one-eighth jigger Benedic-
tine; one drink Apple whiskey. Stir well, fill
up with shaved ice, and when about to shake
put in about a large tablespoon of milk or cream.
shake well, strain in sour glass and fizz with
seltzer.

AN OMAHA STRAWBERRY.

(By Frank T. Schneider, Relf Saloon, Omaha, Neb.)

Large mixing glass half full shaved ice; syrup;
three dashes of Orange bitters; crushed straw-
berries; pony of gin. Fill glass with milk, shake
and strain in glass, top off with nutmeg, dress
with fruit.

COLLEGE INN COCKTAIL.

(By Jack Volker, College Inn, St. Paul, Minn.)

Quarter pony strawberry juice; quarter pony
Vermouth; half pony Rye; two dashes Angos-
tura; one dash Apricotine. Fine shaved ice and
serve with one strawberry and orange.

RHODES AND WALCOTT DRAW.

Joe Walcott and Billy Rhodes, the Kansas City
welterweight, fought one of the hardest battles ever
witnessed in the West on an island twelve miles below
Kansas City, on Sunday, Sept. 30, in the presence of
1,000 sports, who were carried to the scene of the battle
on two steamboats.

Walcott was the aggressor from the start, Rhodes
contenting himself with cleverly blocking the negro,
who was unable to land on Rhodes at any time.

In the seventeenth round Walcott injured his hand
and abated his aggressiveness, but Rhodes seemed will-
ing to continue on the defensive and accept a draw.
While Walcott did most of the work and had a shade
the better of the contest, both men were in good con-
dition at the end of the scheduled twenty rounds.

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OUR VACUUM CAP, used a few minutes each day stimulates the hair to a new, healthy growth. Sent on trial under guarantee. Illustrated book, and particulars free. The Vacuum Cap Co., 550 Barclay Block, Denver, Colorado.

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WELL-KNOWN TONSorialist

If You Have a Good Photograph of Yourself Send it Along.



The above is a very good portrait of Mr. Filadelfo Mondello, owner of a barber shop at 222 East 107th street, and a grocery store at 231 East 11th street, New York. He is a well known business man and he has many influential friends. Some time ago a picture exactly similar to this appeared in these columns and it purported to be that of Giuseppe Ottardo, of 290 East 78th street. Some stupid or malicious joker sent it to this office and it was published in good faith. In justice to Mr. Mondello, this picture is published now so that his friends may know he is not doing business or living under an assumed name.

WALL HIT THE FLOOR.

Tom Sawyer knocked out Arthur Wall in two rounds at Portland, Me., on Sept. 27. Sawyer was the aggressor from the start, and in the first round knocked his opponent down twice. Wall went to his corner dazed, but was in the centre of the ring, apparently as good as ever, when the bell sounded.

A few fierce blows were exchanged and Wall went down again. With the round about half over, Sawyer caught his opponent with a left-hand uppercut under the chin and Wall went down like a log. He had to be carried to his corner, where it was some moments before he realized what had happened.

WRESTLING IN NEW JERSEY.

Newark, N. J., was the scene of a wrestling tournament recently in which many of the best wrestlers in the East participated. Among them Neromus, Max Muller, Peter Bush, Carl Schmidt and Emanuel Bruglio. The final bout of the tournament was won by Bruglio who defeated Peter Bush in six minutes and thirty seconds.

POLICE STOPPED BATTLE.

The Peter Sullivan-Arthur Cote bout, which was scheduled for fifteen rounds at Bideford, Me., on Sept. 28, was declared a draw at the close of the tenth round by Referee Hodgkins, after the police stepped in and refused to allow the bout to go on because Cote had been accidentally fouled by Sullivan's knee.

Cote recovered quickly, and the crowd yelled for them to finish it. Both men were anxious to, but Chief of Police Harmon stood firm.

Sullivan did most of the leading, while Cote fought inside, peppering Sullivan's body with short-arm jabs.

DICK HYLAND'S BATTLE.

Fighting Dick Hyland, who has been making rapid strides on the pugilistic ladder during the past two years, added another important victory to his credit on Sept. 28, at San Francisco, Cal., when he defeated Eddie Hanlon, who only a few years ago was looked upon as a championship possibility.

The boys were scheduled to box twenty rounds, but the end came in the thirteenth when the referee stopped the contest to save Eddie from a knockout.

For the first ten rounds the fight was very even, neither boy having advantage, but in the eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth Hyland came strongly to the front and battered Hanlon all over the ring.

A CALIFORNIA SPORT'S LETTER.

Joe Gans vs. Jimmy Britt, will be the next battle for the lightweight championship on the calendar.

Already this is the talk going the rounds after the big mill which took place at Goldfield on Sept. 3. Of course, the lightweight championship is settled, and we all concede that one Joseph Gans is the real and legitimate champion.

The sports of California would like to see Joe Gans and Jimmy Britt in action again. Some claim, together with one of the participants of the last encounter, that it was a framed-up proposition. This may be true, but five rounds of fighting is hard for any critic to judge. Would Jimmy Britt last as long with Gans as Nelson did? True, time tells on all pugilists; taking and rating both men together Jimmy Britt is entirely a different style of fighter than Nelson. Jimmy spars, he is quick and aggressive, he would be harder to land on than Nelson and is shifter than the Dane by far.

Then again take the bout between Jabez White, of England, and Jimmy Britt; this is one bout which points to Britt's cleverness. White is without doubt

one of the cleverest men that ever donned a mitt in this country, still it took Britt twenty rounds to land the decisive punch. Now I've seen both Gans and White fight at different times and anyone who has seen these men in action will surely agree with me that White possesses the same cleverness as Joe Gans does at the present time. Then again, Charley Mitchell is not bringing a dead one five thousand miles for his health. The sound of money is good to Old Charley. Time after time Britt tried to land a knockout, but of no avail. After interviewing White in his dressing room he made this statement: "There is a fellow who none of them have got it on," referring to Britt.

Jimmy is a younger man than Gans. He has not fought as many battles as the champion but has only meet with one defeat. On the other hand Joe has fought numerous battles and has had some hard ones. He just fought the battle of his life, and no doubt in his next encounter time will tell.

FARMER BURNS STILL GOOD.

Farmer Burns, the veteran wrestler who is still able to hold his own against most of the grapplers, defeated William Demetral, at Birmingham, Ala., recently, winning two falls.

In the first, the "Farmer" made use of a crotch and half-Nelson hold, and in the second, a full Nelson having been gained, the older man threw the younger with comparative ease.

In the second event, both men went out to win, but Burns was again the aggressor. When he managed to get a full-Nelson it was apparent to the audience that the Greek was beaten. This was the result, time employed being fourteen minutes.

IKE SWIFT

Is writing a new series of stories for the GAZETTE, entitled the Memoirs of a Hot Sport. The date of their appearance will be announced later. In the meantime a lot of people are inquiring about his book "Sketches of New York." It will be ready in about a month, and you can book in advance any time by sending in a dollar.

EASY FOR SCHRECK.

Mike Schreck outclassed Harry Rodgers in their bout at Terre Haute, Ind., on Sept. 27, and had the local man running when Rodgers' seconds threw up the sponge in the early part of the sixth round. Rodgers put up a game fight the first three rounds, and made so good a showing in the third that his supporters thought he would stay the limit, ten rounds. He took a severe beating in the fifth without flinching, but the punishment made him cautious in the sixth. Schreck was the favorite in the betting, and showed better as the fight proceeded. George Siler was referee.

THOMAS THE BEST.

In Joe Thomas, the Pacific Coast welterweight, Harry Lewis met a man his superior at the National A. C., Philadelphia, on Sept. 28.

It was apparent that Lewis was satisfied to last the bout out. Thomas was strong in the clinches and his continued right and left cross blows to the jaw during the mix-ups jarred Lewis severely. The latter was on the defensive most of the time, but managed to land a few jabs at long range.

Thomas was easily a winner. In the first round Thomas had an ugly fall, but was on his feet in an instant and to the surprise of the spectators sent a ripping left to the jaw. There was a clinch and, although Thomas was slightly winded by his fall, he managed to send in another to Lewis' jaw as the gong-sounded.

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You can be treated at home for the same price and with the same guaranty. With those who prefer to go to Chicago the Cook Remedy Co. will contract to cure them or pay railroad and hotel bills and make no charge if they fail to cure.

Syphilis begins usually with a little blister or sore, then swelling in the groins, a red eruption breaks out on the body, sores and ulcers appear in the mouth, the throat becomes ulcerated, the hair, eyebrows and lashes fall out, and as the blood becomes more contaminated,

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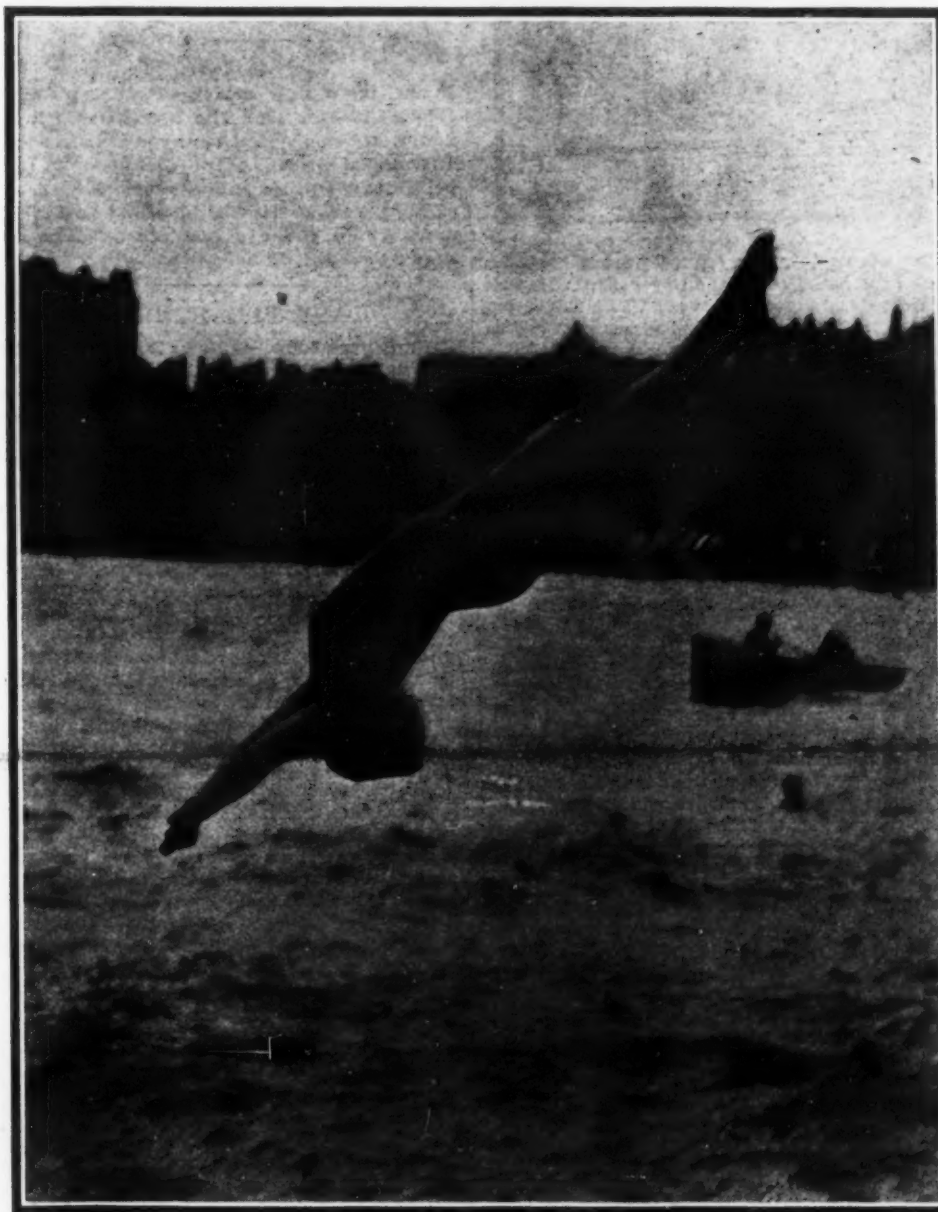
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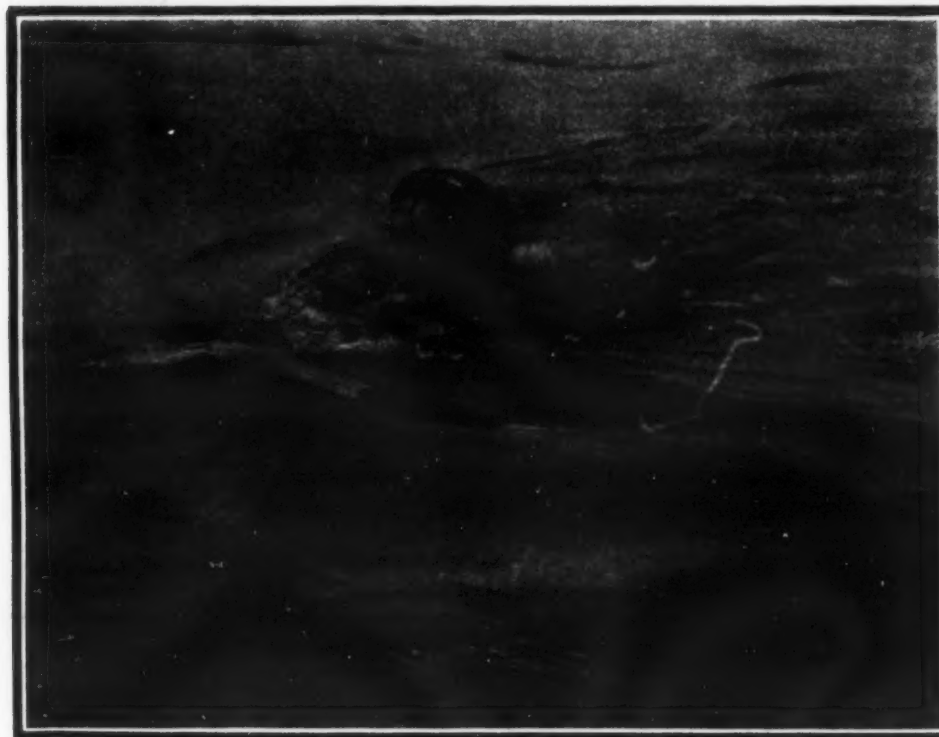
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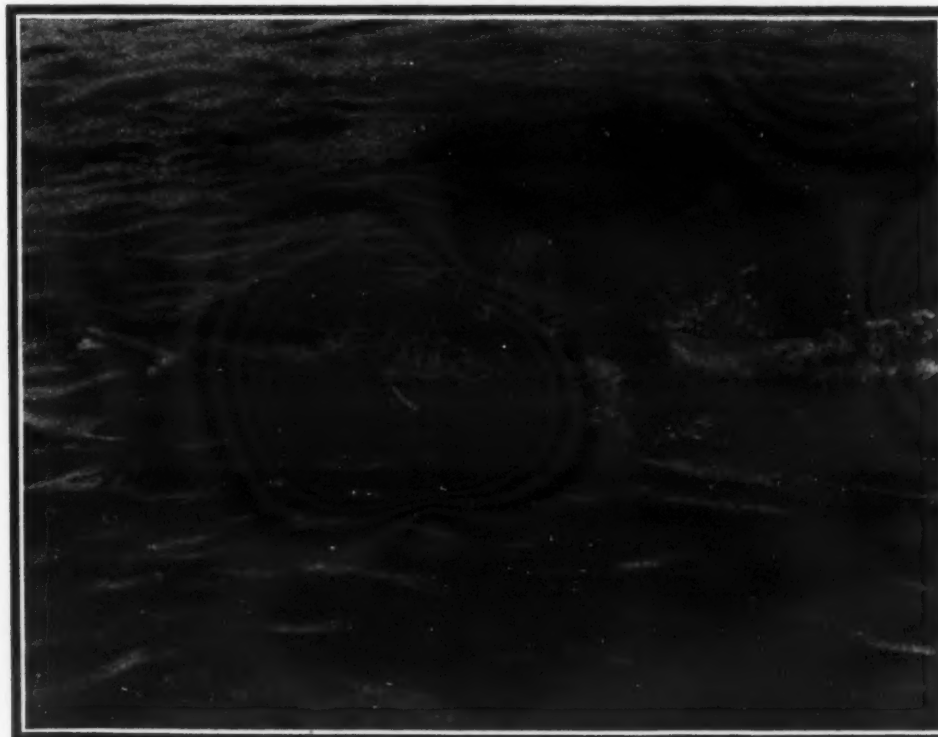
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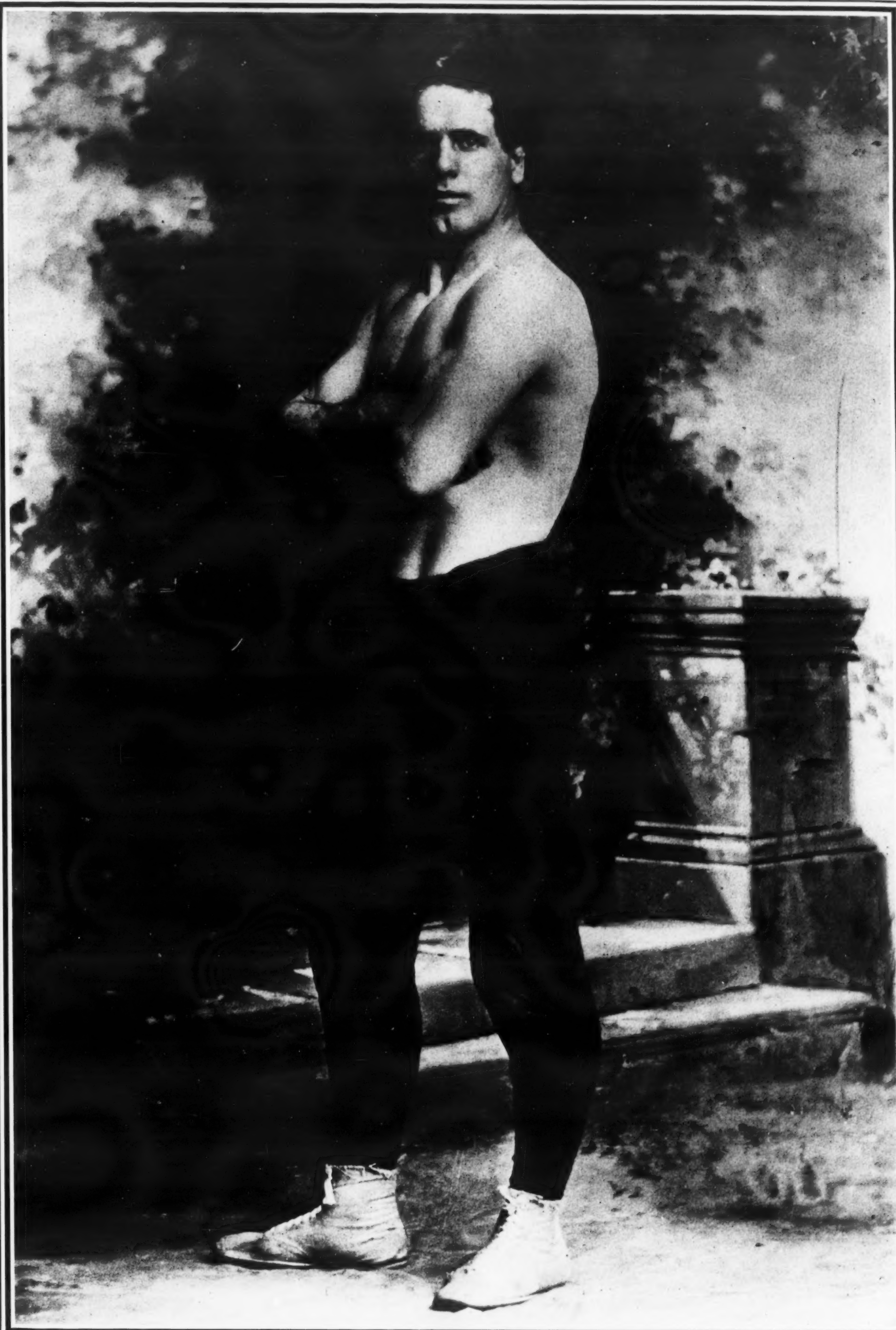
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